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THE

PLAYS

OF

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CLARA GAZUL,

A

LL.h-15

SPANISH COMEDIAN;

WITH

MEMOIRS OF HER LIFE.

103767

Pensaran vuesas mercedes ahora que es poco trabajo hinchar un perro. *Miguel de Cervantes.*

ROYAL ASIATIC

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR GEO. B. WHITTAKER,
AVE-MARIA LANE.

1825.

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LONDON
PRINTED BY COX AND BAYLIS, GREAT QUEEN STREET.

MEMOIRS

OF

CLARA GAZUL.

It was at Gibraltar, where I was in garrison with the Swiss regiment of Watteville, that I first saw Clara Gazul; she was then fourteen years of age (1813). Her uncle, the licentiate Gil Vargas de Castaneda, captain of an Andalusian guerilla, had just been hung by the French, leaving Donna Clara to the guardianship of Father Fray Roque Medrano, her relation, and an inquisitor of the tribunal of Grenada. This venerable personage had forbidden his ward to read any books but her missal; and, to secure the observance of the prohibition, he had committed to the flames the few volumes left by the poor licentiate Gil Vargas to his niece. Thence, I believe, the hatred of the author, for the members of a religious order which the King

of Spain in his wisdom has suppressed. I had amongst my scanty baggage three or four odd volumes, which I gave to Clara; and this gift, valuable in her eyes, led to our acquaintance, which I sedulously cultivated during my long sojourn in Spain, after the war of independence; and I am, therefore, enabled to select the truth from a cloud of falsehoods which have been bandied about in her country upon this singular woman. Little is known of her earlier years: however, the following I had from herself. One evening, as we were smoking round her *brazero*, a curé, who was amongst us, asked her where and of what parents she was born. Clara, who was fond of recounting her origin, gave us the following history, which I do not pretend to guarantee. "I came into the world," said she, "under an orange-tree on the road side, not far from Matil, in the kingdom of Grenada. My mother exercised the profession of fortune-telling. I followed her, or rather she carried me on her back, until I was five years of age; she then took me to the house of a canon of

Grenada (the licentiate Gil Vargas), who received me with great demonstrations of joy. My mother said to me, 'kiss your uncle,' and I kissed him. She then embraced me and instantly quitted the house; I have never seen her since." To put an end to our questions, Donna Clara then took her guitar and sung us the gipsy's song, *Cuando me pariò mi madre la gitana.*

As to her genealogy, she manufactured one after her own fashion. Far from pretending to be descended from old Christians, she said she was of Moorish blood, and one of the descendants of the tender-hearted Moor Gazul, so famous in the old Spanish ballads. However this might be, the somewhat wild expression of her eyes, her long and raven-black hair, her tall and slender shape, white and regular teeth, and her complexion slightly tinged with olive, did not belie her origin.

When tranquillity was re-established in the south of Spain, Donna Clara and her guardian returned to Grenada. He was a kind of

Cerberus, and a most inveterate enemy of serenading. If a barber's boy but thrummed his crazy mandolin, Fray Roque, who saw lovers in all directions, hobbled up to the chamber of his ward, reproached her bitterly for the scandal caused by her coquetry, and exhorted her to secure her salvation by entering a convent (probably with the condition of renouncing in his favour what had been left her by the licentiate Gil Vargas). In fine, he did not quit her till after he had satisfied himself that neither bolts nor bars were strong enough to convince him of her prudence. One day he stole so softly into her chamber that he surprised her writing—not a comedy, for she had not yet begun—but the most impassioned of *billets-doux*. The anger of the reverend father was proportioned to the crime; the criminal was shut up in a convent. Fifteen days after her entrance into the cloister, she made her escape over the wall, and for three months baffled all attempts at discovery. At the end of this period, Fray Roque learned with horror that the timid

dove confided to his care had made a most successful *début* at the principal theatre (*Teatro Mayor*) of Cadiz, in the character of Donna Clara in the *Mogigata*.

Fray Roque quitted Grenada, resolved to take her away by force from the singular asylum she had chosen. The lovers of scandal were joyfully anticipating the future lawsuit between an inquisitor and theatrical manager, when a fit of gout in the stomach deprived the holy office of a zealous member, and freed Clara from a troublesome guardian. Various motives were assigned for her adoption of the stage: some attributed it to a natural taste for the profession of an actress; others would have it, that it was owing to an inclination she had for the *joven galan*;* others again seemed to think that poverty alone compelled her to become an actress.

A short time before the insurrection of the troops stationed in the Isle of Leon, Donna Clara had come into possession of her uncle's legacy, and her house became the rendezvous

* The actor who fills the lovers' parts.

of all the wits and constitutionalists of Cadiz. Her reputation as a *liberal* was near costing her dear, during the massacre of the 10th of March. One of the *leales de Fernando Septimo*, meeting her in the street, raised his sabre to cut her down, when one of his comrades stopped him, saying, "Do not you see, you fool, that it is Clarita, who has made us laugh so heartily in the *saynete de la Gitana?*"—"I know it," said the other, "but is she not an enemy of God and the King?"—"No matter," replied his comrade; "I wish to see her play again *la Gitana*," and in this manner he saved her life.

Some days after Clara appeared upon the stage, wearing the national cockade, and singing patriotic songs with such graceful effect, that she turned the head of even the *serviles* themselves. All the officers of Quiroga's regiment made her the "lady of their thoughts." Two young officers of the battalion of America quarrelled upon her account—she had given to one of them a cockade of green ribbon made with her own hands, which the

other, it is said, endeavoured to wrest from his comrade. They went out to fight: which becoming known to Clara, she repaired to the place of meeting. It was never known what means she took to calm their fury, but she returned in the evening to Cadiz, leaning upon the arms of the two rivals, whom she had reconciled. She took them home to supper, and their friendship was never after troubled by the slightest difference.

Her literary reputation began with the piece entitled, *A Woman is a Devil!* The public were completely ignorant of the subject of the piece; and we may judge of the surprise of a Spanish audience, at seeing for the first time inquisitors in full costume introduced upon the stage. This trifle had the most astonishing success. It gave the spectators pleasure similar to that of school-boys who should see their master wincing under the rod. However, the bigots began to rally, and cry scandal: three or four duchesses and marchionesses, who were in despair at finding their drawing-rooms deserted for that

of Donna Clara, obliged their husbands to make a complaint to the government. But Clara had also powerful protectors; the comedy kept its place on the stage; and there was added to it, by way of moral, the prologue which we give at the head of this translation. Clara intended to bring forward a second part of *A Woman is a Devil;* but her confessor, the chaplain of the regiment of the constitution, was so shocked at it, that he prevailed upon her to throw it into the fire. From that moment her reputation went on increasing, and her comedies succeeded each other rapidly, until her flight into England at the restoration. However, as they were not printed until 1822, and had not been represented at the Madrid theatre till a short time before the restoration, they are scarcely known in Paris, where, within the last few years, a taste has sprung up for foreign productions.

An edition of her complete works, in two small quarto volumes, had been published at Cadiz; but, immediately after the discomfiture

of the constitutionalists, the royalist junta did every thing in their power to suppress it: the original is therefore very scarce. The present translation will be found a faithful one, having been made in England under the eyes of Donna Clara, who had even the kindness to give me one of her inedited pieces to add to the collection. This is the last in the volume, and is entitled *Heaven and Hell*; it has been played only in London, and at a private theatre.

JOSEPH L'ESTRANGE.

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* The translator has rendered the Spanish *Jornada* by the word *Day*. Clara Gazul made use, in preference, of this term, already ancient, for which the Spanish classical writers have substituted long since the term *Act*. It is easy to be seen, that *Day* does not indicate the time which passes between the rising and setting of the sun.—See the Alcade of Zalamia, and Don Tiempsal Tiempy of Calderon.

THE

SPANIARDS IN DENMARK;

A

COMEDY IN THREE DAYS.

Quel el orbe se admire,
Y en nosostros mire
Los hijos del Cid.

PROLOGUE.

PERSONS OF THE PROLOGUE.

A SPANISH GRANDEE, A CAPTAIN, A POET, CLARA GAZUL.

Dressing-Room of Clara Gazul.

GRANDEE.

At length you're dressed!

POET.

And beautiful as an angel!

CAPTAIN.

How is this? without basquina or mantella? (1)

CLARA GAZUL.

I am not to play a Spanish character.

CAPTAIN.

So much the worse.

GRANDEE.

Who is the author?

CLARA.

I do not know.

POET.

Always discreet! How much we poor authors should be obliged to you! *(They sit down.)*

CLARA.

This is very fine, gentlemen! you seat yourselves down as if you were resolved to pass the evening in this room. Most excellent Signor, if you once fix yourself in that arm-chair, you will fall asleep, and miss the comedy.

GRANDEE.

You know very well I am not to shew myself before the second day.

POET.

Oh, I hope that the new piece is divided into acts.

CLARA.

You are mistaken; but the comedy is not the worse for that.

POET.

No, nor does it become better. Besides, the title is a nonsensical one; since there never, as far as I know, were any Spaniards in Denmark. Is it not so, your Excellency?

GRANDEE.

In the time of the wars of Pavia, under the great Marquis de Condova, they probably took it in their heads to cross over—the distance I believe is not great to Denmark—eh! am I not right, Mr. Licentiate?

POET *(bowing)*.

Undoubtedly—but the shortest way ——

CAPTAIN.

You say, Mr. Licentiate, that the Spaniards never went to Denmark—eh! did I not go there myself with the great Marquis de la Romana? and, zounds! was I not near leaving my nose behind me there? It was frozen so hard you might have taken it for a piece of ice.

CLARA.

Bravo, Captain; you have guessed the subject of the comedy.

ALL.

What, the Marquis de la Romana?

CLARA.

Precisely.

CAPTAIN.

Well then, blood-o'-me but the comedy must be excellent; mind, I tell you so. The marquis was a great man.—It was he that organized the quadrille warfare[2] amongst us, which drove the French out of our Old Spain.

GRANDEE.

Do you call Romana a great man? He was the most unjust of men. He would not give me even the command of a regiment.....me!

POET.

But it is impossible to write a comedy about persons who are scarcely yet dead.

CLARA.

What say you? not yet dead? Ah! would to God the Marquis were not so!

CAPTAIN.

Zounds! I recollect the day we met in Galicia[3] with our old allies of Poland. We looked as if we had fallen from the clouds. Unfortunately, the Marquis was not then with us—and—

GRANDEE.

Come, Clara, tell us what this comedy is about.

CLARA.

Patience, and you'll know all.

POET.

If such be the case, the comedy must commence in Denmark and finish at Espinosa in Galicia—a pretty little bit of a journey! But your romantic writers have such commodious vehicles!

CLARA.

You know nothing at all about it. The whole action passes in the island of Fuenen.

CAPTAIN.

Right enough,—the island of Fuenen. It was there I had nearly left my nose in pledge.

POET.

And the unities?

CLARA.

Faith, I do not trouble my head about them. To judge of a piece, I do not think it necessary to ascertain whether the events pass within the space of twenty-four hours, or if all the personages appear in the same place—some to get up a conspiracy, others to be assassinated, and the rest to poniard them-

sélves upon the dead bodies, as the practice is on the other side of the Pyrenees.

GRANDEE. *(who has heard only the concluding words).*

And do the French really cut each other's throats in that manner? However, when I was in France, I never saw any thing of the kind, and yet I knew every one in Paris.

POET *(aside).*

What stupidity! how comes it that a man like me should be reduced to write verses upon such a being? *(Aloud)* But to return to our unities.

CAPTAIN.

Come, Mr. Licentiate, what concern is it of your's, whether there be a unity or not? you are always picking holes in other men's coats.

POET.

What I have said is merely in the interest of the art. It is much to be desired that we should imitate our neighbours the French.

CAPTAIN.

No! in nothing! except in loading their muskets, which they do quicker than we can.

GRANDEE.

And in their respect for the noblesse! In France it is always to a nobleman they give the situation of minister; whilst with us at present—(4)

CLARA.

No doubt that is the crying sin of this cursed

constitution—a ministerial department would suit you so well!

GRANDEE.

And why not? Have I not birth and political talents? Ask Mr. Licentiate—he understands these things.

POET.

There is no family in Spain more ancient than that of your Excellency.

CAPTAIN.

Gad's life! equality for ever! It is now a long time that I have been a captain; and what a pretty thing it would be, were some milksop of a lord to get the colonel's epaulets I have been so long looking for!

GRANDEE.

Captain! captain! It is not to a *guerilolero*—[5]

CLARA.

Do not become quarrelsome, gentlemen, or I must shew you all the door. You are going to see the new piece, which will, I hope, unite all your suffrages. You, most excellent Signor, will feel interested for a noble Marquis.—Your hero, Captain, will be the Aide-de-camp of La Romana, who bears a name dear to every Spaniard.

CAPTAIN.

And what name? I knew one of La Romana's aides-de-camp who gained his epaulets in the antichambers of Godoy.

CLARA.

Your hero's name, Captain, is Don Juan Diaz.

CAPTAIN.

Don Juan Diaz Porlier? By heavens the Marquisito!

CLARA.

I do not say that; but he is called Juan Diaz.—You, worthy Licentiate, who love every thing that is French, will no doubt be charmed with the heroine, who is a French woman.

POET.

How! a French woman in Denmark! what should she be doing there?

GRANDEE.

La Romano was the most unjust of men, and the comedy must be detestable.

CAPTAIN.

The piece and the author may go to the devil, if the heroine be a French woman.

CLARA.

How! not one of you satisfied? I am certainly in bad luck to-day.—Is it possible, Captain, that you will not applaud your general?

CAPTAIN.

Oh! certainly, if the French are abused enough in the piece.

CLARA.

And you, learned escolastico? since some of the characters are French!

POET.

That would be very well if they represented persons who died at least four hundred years ago.

CLARA.

And if they were dead only three hundred and fifty, would the comedy then be good for any thing?

POET.

I have my doubts.

CLARA.

Well, then, it will become good with the time. Oh! how I should like to return in four hundred years, and see it applauded!—Let me entreat your Excellency to applaud a Spanish Marquis.

GRANDEE.

What, one of a family which has stolen seven of my names from me?

CLARA.

The deuce take you all!—*(To the Public.)* You, gentlemen, are reasonable persons, and will listen indulgently to the new piece. The author confides himself to you.

END OF THE PROLOGUE.

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

MARQUIS DE LA ROMANA.

DON JUAN DIÁZ. (6)

THE FRENCH RESIDENT in the Isle of Fuenen.

CHARLES LEBLANC, a French Officer.

WALLIS, an English naval Officer.

THE WAITER of the Three Crowns Hotel.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE, *alias* Madame Leblanc.

MADAME DE COULANGES, *alias* Mademoiselle Leblanc.

Scene—Isle of Fueneh, in 1808.

THE

SPANIARDS IN DENMARK;

A

COMEDY IN THREE DAYS.

FIRST DAY.

SCENE I.

The Resident's Closet.

Spanish Military Music heard in the Distance.

RESIDENT *(alone).*

La, la, la! the devil take their detestable music. The parade is over. I do not relish at all finding myself in the midst of these old bronze-visaged soldiers. *(Looking out of the window)* Ah! there is General Romana galloping by; he is returning to his lodgings. Let us repose ourselves. Good God! what hard work it is! My instructions oblige me to be continually with these officers.—I have just been walking a

whole mortal hour with them.—Faugh! my clothes smell of tobacco sufficient to make one faint. In Paris I should not dare to shew myself for six weeks after such a smoking; but in the Isle of Fuenen, in this barathrum, people are not so fastidious. *(Sits down.)* Umph! they almost frightened me with their long mustachios, and their black and savage-looking eyes; and the fact is, they do not appear to be over and above in love with us French; and these plaguy Spaniards are so ignorant, they cannot comprehend that it is in order to secure their happiness, that my master gives them his august brother for their sovereign. They complain of the island being cold. By the bye, I find it is so too. I pay dearly the honour attached to this mission of mine. Besides, when I entered upon the career of diplomacy, I imagined I should have been first sent to Rome or Naples; in fine, into some country where good company was to be found. I went to solicit the minister, and in the course of conversation, had the misfortune to mention that I knew Spanish. "What! you know Spanish?" said he. I was in ecstasy. On returning home, I found passports and instructions, as I thought, for Madrid; but, alas! how different! they were for the Spanish division under Romana, in the Isle of Fuenen. Isle of Fuenen! Good God! how they must be astonished in Paris, to hear that I am in the Isle of Fuenen! And, more-

over, they make me trot about here and there, as if I were one of the military. It would be something if I were in Denmark with the army of the prince; I should there find Frenchmen to speak to. But, alas! I must remain here with a crew of Spaniards, Danes, Germans, Hanoverians—all which good people love each other like cats and dogs. I must watch them, amuse them, and speak to them the language of reason, nature and civilization, as my instructions prescribe me. Faith! the task is not so easy. I cannot beat it into their heads that the English, with their sugar, are their mortal enemies. They wish to have colonial coffee, and a hundred other things; but as we do without them, they must also manage to get their health without these luxuries. My God! when shall we take England? It is the English who force me to remain in this cursed island with these gibberish-speaking Spaniards. Ah, how damp the air was to day! I'm sure I shall be very lucky if I escape a fluxion on the chest. I am almost tempted to go to bed; but I must, however, make out my report. Cursed calling! Never an instant of repose! A report! and what can I say? The prince writes to me that he has reason to suspect the fidelity of the Marquis de la Romana; that I must strictly observe his conduct, and sound the dispositions of his soldiers. Yes, sound them—that is easily said; but how am I to look into their hearts? The skin of these

dingy dogs is so black, that nothing can be seen through it. Oh! by the Lord, that is not badly imagined; why is there not some one present to hear it? I shall write that to the Prince de Ponte-Corvo; it will make him laugh; and it is by making people laugh, that one gets on in the world; that's it—I shall write that to my friends in Paris also; *(writes)*—the idea is not bad—

SERVANT (*enters*).

A lady requests to speak to you, Sir.

RESIDENT.

A lady! and what kind of lady?

SERVANT.

Why, a French woman, Sir; she is well dressed, and of a genteel appearance.

RESIDENT.

A French woman in the Isle of Fuenen! a French woman at Nyborg! Oh, unexpected happiness! La Fleur, give me my blue coat, and my watch and trinkets—a comb.—Good!—shew her in.

(Enter Madame de Coulanges, in a travelling dress.)

SERVANT.

Madame de Coulanges. *(Servant retires).*

RESIDENT *(aside).*

The devil!—she is certainly the wife of a general. *(Aloud)* I am quite in despair, Madame, at receiving you in the midst of the diplomatic horrors of a cabinet, which——

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Have the goodness to read this letter, sir.

RESIDENT.

Let me first request you to take a seat.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Sir——

RESIDENT.

Oh! I beseech you, take this arm-chair.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

If——

RESIDENT *(without reading the letter)*.

No doubt, madame is just arrived from Paris?

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Yes, sir. That letter——

RESIDENT.

I scarcely dare to hope, madame, that you will prolong your stay in this frightful country!

MADAME DE COULANGES.

I cannot say; but if you will take the trouble to read that letter——

RESIDENT *(speaking rapidly)*.

Nybourg is very dull. It is here that the Spaniards are stationed. They and the Germans are most heartily tired of themselves, and each other. We have scarcely any French here. They are, unfortunately, in Denmark, at the other side of the Belt, with the Prince de Ponté-Corvo. However, madame, your presence at Nybourg will be sufficient

to attract hither the whole of the prince's staff. A desert inhabited by a Cenobite such as you——

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Sir, if——

RESIDENT.

Apropos: and Talma—what has become of him?

MADAME DE COULANGES.

I go but seldom to the theatre. If you——

RESIDENT *(still speaking rapidly).*

I cannot express to you, madame, how charmed I am to have met, in the midst of eternal snows, a rose of Paris—Eh! eh! eh!—so amiable a countrywoman! I most earnestly desire to have it in my power to be useful to you, if you have need, madame.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

I entreat you to take the trouble of reading that letter.

RESIDENT.

Since you permit it.—*(Opens the letter.)* Ho! ho! the devil! You need not blush for that. But what on earth do you wish I should tell you, my charming lady?

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Bring me acquainted with the Marquis de la Romana.

RESIDENT.

But, what do you wish that I should tell you? I

have closely observed him—there is nothing to be done with a man like him: he is buttoned up to the very chin; and, then, observe—he is old; and beautiful as your eyes may be, they have not the power of resuscitating the dead. Eh! eh! eh! *(He draws his chair close to Madame de Coulanges.)*

MADAME DE COULANGES *(drawing back her chair.)*

He has, probably, a friend—an intimate friend, who possesses all his confidence?

RESIDENT.

Yes, he has; but he is a queer sort of person. He is aid-de-camp and nephew to the general, who keeps nothing a secret from him, as I have been told. As to the rest, this *aid-de-camp* is a wild, hectoring sort of fellow, who, not more than fifteen days ago, killed a French officer of the greatest promise; and do you know for what? Because the French officer proposed the health of his Majesty the Emperor, and threatened to cut off his ears if he did not drink it. The *aid-de-camp* not only did not drink the toast, but he killed the officer.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Well, sir, what kind of man is he?—What is his character?

RESIDENT.

His character?—Faith, what, do you wish that I should tell you? I do not well know: he is always twirling his mustachios. Ah! and then he is a smoker,

a most inveterate smoker. Yes, he sometimes passes whole hours shut up with the Marquis; while they smoke together in a singular manner, with little cigars of paper which they make themselves. What I tell you is strictly true, for I have seen it myself.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

You have, no doubt, received some notes relative to him?

RESIDENT.

To tell you the truth, something of this kind has been sent me; but, faith! I know not what has become of them. I have such a heap of papers! They could, however, not have been of much importance, as I recollect nothing of them.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

'Tis very well; but, at least, you can tell me his name.

RESIDENT.

He calls himself Don—you know all the Spaniards call themselves Don—Don Juan Diaz. They have most extraordinary names. Don Juan Diaz! It is true he has another name; but I cannot recollect it at present. He lives at the Three Crowns, an inn upon the sea-shore.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

That is sufficient. I have to return you many thanks for your information. I must have a thousand crowns.

RESIDENT.

You shall have them. This letter gives you an unlimited credit—and then, with your face! eh! eh! eh!

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Could you enable me, sir, to transmit, free of portage, a sum of money to my brother, who is serjeant in the guard? This money is the produce of some French merchandize that I sold in Germany.

RESIDENT.

Without the least difficulty; almost every day I send smoked beef to my friends by the diplomatic courier. But may I reckon upon a little gratitude? eh! eh!

MADAME DE COULANGES.

The bill is at sight.

RESIDENT.

At sight upon Moor and Company. This Mr. Juan Diaz is a fortunate rascal; for we, who are in the diplomatic way, easily see through the motives of things: you are going to seduce him! eh! eh! I am tempted to become a conspirator myself! eh! eh! eh!

MADAME DE COULANGES.

It would not be an easy task, sir, to penetrate your secrets. I am sorry for having interrupted your diplomatic occupations for so trifling an affair.

RESIDENT.

You will permit me, charming creature, to call sometimes on you, and forget the fatigues of diplomacy in your presence.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Pardon me, sir; you must have, no doubt, forgotten that I ought not to receive the French Resident in the Isle of Fuenen.

RESIDENT.

The devil! You are to a certain degree right; but, with a large dark cloak, such as the Spaniards wear, in the evening, and under favour of a fog ——

MADAME DE COULANGES.

No; this is my first and last visit. My mother will bring you the notes I may have occasion to write to the prince. *(She puts on her veil and is about to retire.)*

RESIDENT.

Permit me, at least ——

SERVANT *enters.*

That *aide-de-camp*, that you know well, the *aid-de-camp* of General La Romana, wishes to speak to you, sir.

RESIDENT.

The devil fetch him! Lafleur, let madame out by the little private stair-case. Quick, quick! Adieu, syren.—(*Exit Madame de Coulanges.*)—What a pity!

Never did I find myself so full of *esprit;* and I was making way so fast! To the devil with this importunate fellow!—Not to have a moment to one's-self.—*(Don Juan enters.)*—Ah, sir, I have the honour of presenting you my respects. How do you do? I am charmed; and the dear General? Always the same? I am enchanted! Take the trouble of sitting down.

DON JUAN.

Will you take the trouble of listening to me?

RESIDENT.

I am entirely at your orders. Dispose of me.

DON JUAN.

It is now, sir, six months since we have had any news from Spain. Various reasons lead me and the officers of our division to believe that you, sir, have received orders from your government to intercept our letters, and ——

RESIDENT.

Pardon me, Colonel, you are altogether mistaken; and in order to convince you completely of your error, I shall feel a sincere pleasure to shew you the despatches I have just received from your country. Here is a proclamation of his Highness the Grand Duke of Berg; and here is a bulletin announcing ——

DON JUAN.

And what have I to do with your proclamations and your bulletins? It is not about such things we are anxious. What we wish for is news of our families, and not of the Grand Duke of Berg.

RESIDENT.

Sir, there are so many accidents which may prevent a letter from reaching its address; for instance, it is possible that your friends may have forgotten to pay the postage of the letters in Spain—a circumstance of frequent occurrence; or else ——

DON JUAN.

A pretty excuse!

RESIDENT.

Will you do me the honour of breakfasting with me?

DON JUAN.

Thank you much, Mr. Resident; I have waiting for me at my lodgings some smuggled chocolate, and you will excuse me if I prefer it to your imperial coffee.

RESIDENT.

Oh, young man, young man! can you so far forget the irreparable injury you are doing to commerce? Has not this chocolate been brought you by our cruelest enemies?

DON JUAN.

How does that concern me, provided it be good?

RESIDENT.

Sir, sir! the chocolate of the tyrants of the sea ought always to appear detestable to an officer who has the honour of serving under the ever-victorious banners of his Imperial Majesty.

DON JUAN.

And his Imperial Majesty means, assuredly, to recompense us for all the continental drugs he makes us swallow—thanks to his blockade!

RESIDENT.

Undoubtedly, sir. Is it not his Majesty's desire that the sun of civilization should dart his rays beyond the Pyrenees, and shed that light upon you which has been hitherto concealed from you by the mists of anarchy?

DON JUAN.

Ha! ha! ha! What paternal solicitude! How very touching it is! But, sir, I will tell you very frankly, that we love the shade in Spain, and that we can do very well without his sun.

RESIDENT.

What you say is a further proof of the need you have of a legislator to remodel you. Permit me, Colonel, to develope the whole of my idea: you Spaniards are not on a level with the age, and even—who could believe it?—you shut your eyes to the light that is brought you. Now, sir, I will lay a wager that you have never read Voltaire.

DON JUAN.

I beg your pardon, sir; I know a great part of his works by heart.

RESIDENT.

That being the case, I shall speak no more of them to you. But, to be brief, you are still tainted—(not you, sir, who are an *esprit fort*, like a Frenchman, but the mass of your compatriots)—you are still tainted with superstition; you are as yet so little advanced, that what you most respect are monks and friars. Is it not rendering you a service to import into your country the philosophy of the nineteenth century, and to divest you of your ancient prejudices, the offspring of ignorance and error?

DON JUAN.

Sir, we shall always receive philosophy with open arms when it comes to us in cases of good books; but escorted as it is at present by eighty thousand soldiers, I confess to you that it has but little attractions for us.

RESIDENT.

His Majesty is anxious to preserve you from the yoke of the island despots.

DON JUAN.

Apropos; it is said that, in Portugal, upon the sea-coast, near a certain town called Vimeira [2] ——

RESIDENT.

Oh, sir, you are very inaccurately informed.

DON JUAN.

How? I have advanced nothing as yet.

RESIDENT.

But I anticipate what you are going to say. Permit me to tell you the real state of affairs. The English landed at Vimeira, it is true; so far you are well informed; but we attacked them, turned them, cut them in pieces; in fine, made a most frightful carnage. It appears, even, that a great number of their generals have fallen—their army, in a word, was most irretrievably disorganized; after which, our brave troops, in consequence of superior orders, embarked for Brest, in France. This is, sir, the exact truth.

DON JUAN.

This is quite admirable! A thousand thanks! I shall go and communicate to my friends the intelligence you have given me.

RESIDENT.

If you permit me, I will give you in writing a less succinct and clearer account.

DON JUAN.

Oh, your statement is quite excellent, and perfectly clear, and I shall content myself with it. Adieu, sir; I wish you a good appetite, which is quite necessary to enable you to drink the coffee of the *Grande Nation.* [*Exit.*

RESIDENT.

Your servant, sir; my respects to the Marquis.—Impertinent sneerer! But, let him laugh as much as he wishes, I have nicely taken him in with my account of the battle of Vimeira. It is most extraordinary! Since I have become a diplomatist, I can detail falsehoods with an *à plomb* and intrepidity that I should have thought it impossible to acquire. Here I am, making out bulletins as well as a major-general. Patience, patience! I am not nailed to this island. One day, perhaps, I shall awake with the portfolio of foreign affairs under my pillow. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Saloon in the Inn of the Three Crowns.

MARQUIS DE LA ROMANA *(walking up and down with an air of anxiety; he looks at his watch).*

He should have arrived here an hour ago. I cannot remain stationary. Probably I may discover something from this window *(opens it).* No, not a boat upon the sea. As far as the sight can reach, there is nothing to be seen but waves—still waves; not a single black speck to give me a glimmering of hope *(walks about).* They have probably been deterred by the bad weather. On the contrary, that is the moment they should have chosen—Even if I

could be sure that they had not embarked—The sloop is going out to sea. Ah! I see I shall be kept in torture, here another day. However, "no matter how unfavourable the weather may be," the admiral says in his letter, "you shall hear from me." I feel as if I were burning. Not the least appearance of any one quitting it. If, notwithstanding their passports, they should have been stopped by the coast-guards! And should they not have taken the precaution to conceal their despatches—which I so earnestly recommended them to do! Oh, my head is splitting. I should prefer a thousand times finding myself in the midst of the balls on a field of battle, than shut up in this room waiting for this boat, without being able to accelerate its arrival a single instant.

DON JUAN *(behind the scenes).*

Lorenzo, unsaddle the mare. The weather is too bad to let me think of going out (*enters.*) The devil take this country of fogs and rain!—Ah! General, I kiss your excellency's hands. Not yet tired of looking out of that window since I quitted you? Tell me, have you reckoned how many waves there are in the Belt?

MARQUIS.

Don Juan, what do you think of this country?

DON JUAN.

I look upon it as the anti-chamber of purgatory;

and I hope, that, in the other world, the years I have passed here will be deducted from those during which I am destined to be roasted in expiation of my sins.

MARQUIS *(aside)*.

No boat can now live in the sea—I hope they have not quitted the vessel.

DON JUAN *(continuing)*.

It is always raining here, unless when it snows. All the women here are either light or red-haired; never a hand's-breadth of blue in the sky, nor a little foot, nor a dark eye in the whole island. Oh! Spain, Spain! when shall I again see your *basquinas*, your delicate little shoes, your black eyes sparkling like carbuncles!

MARQUIS.

Don Juan, is it only the black eyes and the little feet of Spain that makes you desirous of returning there?

DON JUAN.

Do you wish I should speak seriously to you?

MARQUIS.

Yes—if you were capable of entertaining a serious idea.

DON JUAN.

If you were not my general, I should tell you a very grave reason for my wishing to see Spain again.

MARQUIS.

Speak your mind freely.

DON JUAN.

You will promise not to put me under arrest?

MARQUIS.

Still, still jesting.

DON JUAN.

You wish for something serious? Well, then—if I wish to return to Spain, it is for the purpose of finding myself face to face with her oppressors; it is to plant the standard of liberty in Galicia; it is to die there if I cannot live in freedom there.

MARQUIS *(pressing his hand).*

Oh! Don Juan, I did not know you till now. Under this appearance of frivolity you possess the heart of a true Spaniard. It is to that heart, Don Juan, that I wish to confide a secret worthy of its sympathy. Although not loaded with chains, we are as much prisoners in this island as if shut up in an immense dungeon. Here there is a numerous army of auxiliaries watching us. At the other side of the Belt is the army of the Prince de Ponte-Corvo, which, in a few days, might join the Germans and Danes and exterminate us. But this sea which shuts us out from our native land; this sea——

Enter MADAME DE COULANGES, MADAME DE TOURVILLE, *the Host, and a Waiting-maid. (Don Juan observes them, and the Marquis goes to the window.)*

HOST.

This is the assembly-room; so you will have only

the lobby to cross: the most respectable families of the place meet here every evening. General la Romana occupies at present the greatest part of that wing of the house where your apartment is. You see it would be impossible to find a better frequented hotel. The noble circle of the town hold their evening parties here.[3]

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

This is quite delightful.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Louisa, see the luggage taken to our apartment.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

I shall go with you. I wish to learn how to find my way through the house.—*(In a low voice to Madame de Coulanges.)* Come, be firm! You are now in the presence of the enemy; a good beginning is of great importance.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Very well. I shall remain here while you put things in some order.—*(Affecting surprise).* Ha! but there is some one here.

HOST.

It is the general of whom I spoke to you, and his first *aid-de-camp.*

DON JUAN.

See, your excellency, what good fortune has fallen upon us. These are real Andalusian eyes, as I hope to be saved!

MARQUIS.

Don Juan, come hither——

HOST.

Most noble marquis, a French lady, who is about to become your neighbour—Madame de Coulanges. —Madame, this is General la Romana, and Colonel Don Juan Diaz.

MADAME DE COULANGES *(to the Host)*.

So you undertake to procure me a servant?

HOST.

I shall go this instant to seek for one. Excuse me for leaving you; without doubt these gentlemen will feel a pleasure——

DON JUAN.

Madame, it is our duty, as the older lodgers, to do the honours of this poor house. Be kind enough to take a seat. It can only, madame, be a shipwreck that has driven you into this cursed island. For a long time back I have been praying to Heaven for one; but I did not hope that it would have sent a——

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Pardon, Colonel! your prayers have not been heard; for I arrived here yesterday by the packet-boat, and though I cannot boast of much courage, yet I had not a single moment's fear. In looking at the sea to-day, I congratulate myself at having crossed yesterday.

MARQUIS.

Don Juan——

DON JUAN.

You speak Spanish so well, madame, that I must consider you a countrywoman. You have taken compassion upon us unfortunate exiles.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

No, sir, I am not a Spaniard; but I have lived a considerable time in your fine country.

DON JUAN.

From your excellent accent, and particularly from the brilliancy of your eyes and the smallness of your foot, I should have sworn you were an[4] Andalusian. Is it not so, your excellency? should you not have supposed that Madame was from Seville?

MADAME DE COULANGES.

And I, judging from your compliments, should have taken you for a Parisian. You have said but three words to me, and each is a compliment. I must warn you that I do not like them.

DON JUAN.

Ah, madame, you must pardon me! it is so long a time since I have seen a pretty woman!

MARQUIS.

Don Juan, I wish to speak with you in my own room. [*Exit.*

MADAME DE COULANGES.

The General appears to have something to say to you.

DON JUAN.

Oh, let him want!—I shall not quit a young and charming woman to go and talk of barracks and guard-houses with an old general. May we hope, madame, to enjoy your presence here for any length of time?

MADAME DE COULANGES.

I do not know. On the death of my husband I quitted Poland, and I wait here for my uncle, who is to join your division of the army.

DON JUAN.

A military man?

MADAME DE COULANGES.

He is colonel of dragoons.

DON JUAN.

And the number of his regiment?

MADAME DE COULANGES *(aside)*.

I tremble.—*(Aloud)* The—the fourteenth, I believe—

DON JUAN.

Ah, it is Colonel Durand, with whom I have served! But his regiment was at Holstein, and he set out some time back for Spain.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

My uncle's name is Tourville—but he is at pre-

sent, I believe, attached to the staff. He formerly commanded that regiment—or, probably, I mistake the number.

DON JUAN.

You quitted Spain before the invasion—*(correcting himself)* before the French entered Spain?

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Yes, sir.—The French are heartily detested in Spain at present.

DON JUAN.

Such natives of France as you, madame, are loved in every country; and I am certain that our rebels, as you call them——

(Voice behind the scenes.)

They are lost—they have got into the current!

DON JUAN.

Oh God! some unfortunate persons suffering shipwreck! *(They go to the window).*

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Oh! see that boat below there, with three men in it!—Heavens! what an enormous wave.

DON JUAN.

They will be dashed to pieces on the rocks, if timely aid be not given them—but it appears no one dares venture.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Oh, if I were a man!——

DON JUAN.

I will go myself!

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Stop, stop, sir! You are running to your ruin! Stop, I entreat you!

DON JUAN.

No, no; I cannot remain unconcerned, when I see my fellow-creatures in danger of perishing.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

But you are not a sailor. Stop, in the name of Heaven, sir! you can only perish along with them—stop, stop!—*(She catches hold of his cloak, which Don Juan leaves in her hands, and rushes out.)*

Enter the MARQUIS.

MARQUIS.

What's the matter? Whence this tumult?

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Alas! sir,—your aide-de-camp——

MARQUIS.

Well?—

MADAME DE COULANGES.

He rushed out—in spite of me.

MARQUIS.

Where is he?

MADAME DE COULANGES.

See, see him!—Alas!

MARQUIS.

Don Juan! Don Juan!

MADAME DE COULANGES..

Good God! What a frightful tempest!—and their skiff is so small!

MARQUIS *(at the window)*.

Here, my brave fellows—take this purse, and hasten to stop that boat from proceeding; those in it are going to certain death—go!

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Alas! the danger is so great, that they dare not accept it on that condition.

MARQUIS.

How, cowards! will you let your comrades there perish in your sight? Ah! my eyes grow dim—I can no longer distinguish any thing—tell me, do you still see him?

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Yes, still—they are now bent down upon their oars!

MARQUIS.

Great God! Will you let him fall a victim to his generosity?

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Ah! they are now covered by the waves—mercy, mercy!

MARQUIS.

No! Don Juan's boat is still visible—but the others——

MADAME DE COULANGES.

I cannot tear myself away from this frightful spectacle, though it kills me!

MARQUIS.

Heavens! he has disappeared!

MADAME DE COULANGES.

I can no longer see his red sash!

MARQUIS.

Unfortunate! What can I say to his mother?

MADAME DE COULANGES.

My eyes are blinded with tears—every thing appears to turn round! *(She falls upon the window seat.)*

MARQUIS.

He is dead! he is dead! ah! his poor mother, who confided him to me! *(He runs about like a madman: after a few moments cries are heard from behind the scenes.)*—

There they are!—there they are!

MARQUIS.

They are saved!—I see him!—Don Juan!—Don Juan!—Madame, he is saved!

MADAME DE COULANGES.

How!—He is not dead?

MARQUIS.

There is their boat! they have picked up the men belonging to the other—one effort more, Don Juan!

MADAME DE COULANGES *(waving her handkerchief).*

Courage, brave young man! you were not destined to die here![5]

MARQUIS.

Hold fast the rudder, Don Juan! One wave more—courage!

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Oh! I can bear no more! *(Throws herself upon a sofa.)*

MARQUIS.

Don Juan! Don Juan!—

(Cries from behind the scenes.)

They are saved!

MARQUIS.

Good! this one breaker more—it is the last—victory!—they reach the shore—I shall die of joy! Madame, madame, come and see him bearing in his arms the being he has saved! Is not that courage?

[*Goes out.*

MADAME DE COULANGES.

This, then, is that Don Juan! miserable woman that I am! I expected to have met a fop—and I find a hero. Ah! how different is he from the man my imagination pictured forth!

Enter DON JUAN, *bearing in* WALLIS *in a state of insensibility, the* MARQUIS, MADAME DE TOURVILLE, *the* HOST, *and* VALETS.

DON JUAN.

Praise to God! How I rejoice having learned to swim! Ah! you here, madame—may I entreat you to make us a little room?

HOST.

Take care of the sofa—put this napkin under him.

DON JUAN.

A pretty time to think about your sofa! Lay him down gently!

MARQUIS (*embracing him*).

My son! my dear Don Juan!

HOST (*to the Valets*).

Go and get ready a well-warmed bed, while I go for a physician. [*Goes out.*

DON JUAN (*to Madame de Coulanges*).

Ah, madame, I dare say you have salts about you! No pretty woman is without them.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

I will go and fetch them. [*Goes out.*

DON JUAN.

He must recover—he was so very short a time under water. Look, your excellency, under this coarse waistcoat, what a fine frilled shirt! For a Norwegian fisherman, this is sufficiently elegant.

MARQUIS (*in a low voice*).

Be silent!

DON JUAN.

And why so? Rub his temples at your side, and the palm of his hand. How firmly he keeps them closed upon his breast! Ah, ah! a little box attached to a ribbon—this tells a love-tale, or the deuce is in it!

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

Let us see.

MARQUIS (*taking the box*).

Let us give all our attention to this poor sufferer.

MADAME DE COULANGES (*enters with a smelling-bottle*).

Here it is. Ah! he begins to breathe. Mother, hold up his head.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

It is by the feet he should be held up, to let the water that he has swallowed run out.

MARQUIS.

Yes, that would be a sure way of finishing all his sufferings.

WALLIS.

Where am I?

DON JUAN.

Amongst friends, comrade. Well, how are you now?

WALLIS (*putting his hands to his neck*).

My box?—

DON JUAN.

It is quite safe. The Marquis de la Romana

has it—he will restore it to you—so set your mind at ease, and drink what is offered to you.

WALLIS.

The Marquis?

DON JUAN.

Here, swallow this cordial.—

MARQUIS.

Let him be put into the bed of Pedro, my valet-de-chambre.

DON JUAN (*to Madame de Coulanges*).

Look, madame, upon this poor sailor.—You see in him the model of lovers. He kept closely pressed to his breast a little box, which the Marquis has just taken, and which contains the portrait of a woman that his excellency is going to shew us.

MARQUIS.

Don Juan, you should have a little more respect for the secrets of this young man.

DON JUAN.

Ah! be it so; but, for the trouble I have had, he must let me see, some day or other, whether she is pretty or not.

WALLIS.

Where is he who saved me?

ALL.

There he is!

WALLIS.

Give me your hand, sir.

DON JUAN.

Come, comrade, try and get a little sleep; and afterwards, to make you forget all the salt water you have drank, I will make you empty a bottle of genuine sherry that shall put the life-blood into your heart again. (*Wallis is led out accompanied by all except Don Juan and Madame de Coulanges.*)

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Sir——

DON JUAN.

I would give I know not how much to see that portrait!

MADAME DE COULANGES.

I would fain find words to express my admiration?

DON JUAN.

It is quite uncalled for—nothing was more simple for any one who could swim so well as I do. Any one in my place would have done as much; but what is really singular is, that I never dived so well before;—what extraordinary force one finds in moments like these!

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Oh sir, sir!—I cannot speak as I would wish. I—I—Let me embrace you! (*She embraces him.*)

DON JUAN.

God be praised!—I wish there was a shipwreck every day in the year under my windows.—But

apropos, madame - there were three persons in the boat we brought to shore!

MADAME DE COULANGES (*embracing him again*).

There—and again—oh! I am a silly wretch—but never in my life have I been so affected! (*She weeps.*)

DON JUAN.

What is the matter? you alarm me—you have become paler than our drowned man.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Oh! sir—it is nothing—but I cannot keep myself from weeping!—Fool that I am!

DON JUAN.

Ah, but where is my coat? I left it behind me in your hands, like the chaste Joseph.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Be careful of yourself—go and change your clothes immediately—I entreat you.

DON JUAN.

First permit me to conduct you to your apartment—and may I beg to be allowed afterwards to call and know how you are?

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Yes, sir,—at all times. (*She goes out leaning upon Don Juan's arm, with her handkerchief to her eyes.*)

DON JUAN (*re-entering alone*).

Here is an intrigue well begun—a man drawn out of the water, and a secret to learn! This certainly is

something to make the day pass agreeably. She is a devilish pretty woman this, and appears to have an excellent disposition. There is nothing I love so much as your frank and sincere people who carry their hearts upon their lips. Oh faith! it is time for me to change; for I feel the cold beginning to strike me. *(He is going out when the Marquis enters.)*

MARQUIS.

We are now alone, Don Juan. You are a brave Spaniard, and I will open my heart to you.

DON JUAN.

Speak, General—I am frying with impatience—*(aside)* and dying with cold!

MARQUIS.

Do you know whom you have saved?

DON JUAN.

A fisherman—probably a smuggler.

MARQUIS.

An English officer, the lieutenant of the Royal George, sent by the admiral on the station, with whom I have been in correspondence for some time back.

DON JUAN.

I understand—bravo!—I see it all—by Saint Jago this is delightful!—and the honest admiral will whisk us out of this devil of an island!

MARQUIS.

And take us back to Old Spain!

DON JUAN.

Spain! oh, my beloved country, I shall then again see you!

MARQUIS.

And defend her, Don Juan!

DON JUAN.

And die for her—for liberty! Oh, death will appear sweet to me upon the soil of Spain!—But how the devil shall we spirit away our division?

MARQUIS.

All my soldiers will follow me—every thing is arranged—the English fleet will cast anchor in the bay before the prince can run hither, with his Frenchmen, to hinder our design.

DON JUAN.

As to the foreigners who garrison the island with us——

MARQUIS.

We have arms in our hands——

DON JUAN.

And shall make use of them!—Viva!—But, confusion—this project interferes a little with my new-made conquest.

MARQUIS.

Is it possible, Don Juan, that you can harbour similar ideas in such a moment?

DON JUAN.

And why not? The country first, and afterwards—a little love, by way of recreation.

MARQUIS *(smiling)*.

You are a madcap, but a brave fellow; and in a short time I shall put your zeal to the proof.

DON JUAN.

That is all I ask—you shall see that though I am sometimes too much given to laughter, yet never shall I forget my honour or my country for a flirtation.

MARQUIS.

I am sure of it, my gallant boy! Recollect that, if the winds do not change, in a few days we shall have quitted our prison.

DON JUAN.

You transport me with joy—apropos, how goes the Englishman?

MARQUIS.

Thanks to you, he has been enabled to give me some most useful information. You must accompany him on board, and bring me back the admiral's final instructions.

DON JUAN.

Dispose of me as you think proper.—It was, without doubt, the admiral's letters that he had hung round his neck, like his mistress's portrait?

MARQUIS.

Precisely—and vet you wished me to shew them!

DON JUAN.

Poor devil! he held them fast locked in his hands,

even after he had become insensible. Did you remark the first word he uttered was an inquiry after his box?

MARQUIS.

And this brave fellow exposed himself to an ignominious death, to secure the success of an enterprize, that interests his country but in a very trifling degree. With what ardour ought we not to be inflamed, who are going to avenge our country, so basely betrayed—we, who are going to fight for all that is dear to men of honour!

DON JUAN.

I hope we shall make ourselves talked of, one day or another.

MARQUIS.

Of what consequence is it that posterity should forget our names, provided it feels the effects of our generous efforts?—Don Juan, let the good you do be for its own sake.—If, afterwards, Heaven should send us a Homer, let us be grateful.

END OF THE FIRST DAY.

DAY II.

SCENE I.

The Apartment of Madame de Coulanges, in the Three Crowns.

Enter MADAME DE TOURVILLE *and* MADAME DE COULANGES.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

What a simpleton you are!—here are all your ideas turned topsy-turvy, because you have seen him play the diver. What a mighty fine thing it is to know how to swim after one has been taught!—and yet a carp could still shew him some new tricks.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

But for a man of whom he knew nothing—and the people of the house say the shore is so dangerous!

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

Well; even so—he can swim. He is a man of courage, and that's all—but what affair is that of your's? Come, make me your report.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

I have nothing to tell you.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

Do you know that I am tempted to believe that you are smitten with this little olive-coloured officer who swims like a duck? You have got a dizziness, my dear—you have seen nothing; while I, at the first glance, have discovered a conspiracy.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

A conspiracy! Truly these are discoveries you are continually making.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

And much better is it to discover them where they are not, than not to find out any at all. Do you not know that there is always a recompense, besides the fixed salary, for each new plot that is brought to light? Tell me, did you not remark that the half-drowned sailor wore a cambric shirt?

MADAME DE COULANGES.

And what is there extraordinary in that?

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

What is there extraordinary in it? Come, come! it is quite clear your wits are gone!—a cambric shirt with a frill—must I repeat it to you?—a cambric shirt, eh! It is the thread of a frightful conspiracy—there is enough in that to ruin twenty persons.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

What profound penetration you have!

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

And you, what profound stupidity!—What! you cannot see at half a glance, that this man is either a Swedish, a Russian, or an English spy—nay, it is certain that he is English; for, if I mistake not, his shirt is of English cambric. Does this appear clear to you?

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Clear!

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

Hear me: He had, besides, on his waistcoat, one button different from the others, which bore the figure of an anchor; so that it is certain he comes from an English vessel.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

But all sailors have buttons of the same kind.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

Innocent creature that you are! And portraits hung about their necks? How comical our little aid-de-camp was with his portrait of a woman! Faith, he played his part well; he is a shrewd spark, and counterfeited indifference to the life—and our worthy General! who instantly pocketed the box before one could scarcely get a glimpse of it!—

MADAME DE COULANGES.

There may be much mystery under all this; but I,

shall certainly not go and tire them with a tale of buttons and cambric shirts, and such like bagatelles. It would be the sure way of getting myself instantly recalled.'

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

Bagatelles! bagatelles! ah! Eliza, in affairs of this kind, nothing, however so trifling, should be disregarded. Strange as it may appear, it was a roasted pullet that led me to the discovery of General Pichegru's place of concealment; and without boasting, that brought me no little honour, not to talk of the profit. The circumstance was as follows: it was in the time of your father, Captain Leblanc. He had come back from the army, and was full of money, so that we lived right well, and kept a good fire in the house. One day, then, on going to order a roast fowl, the poulterer said to me, "Good God, madam! I am so sorry, but I have just sold the last I had!" I, who knew the whole neighbourhood, wished to learn to whom, and I asked him who had bought it. He told me it was Mr. Such-a-one; and added, "he cockers himself up finely; for the last three days he has had a fowl every day for dinner." *Nota bene*, it was exactly three since we had lost all traces of General Pichegru. I turned all this in my head, and said to myself—Zounds, neighbour, your appetite has come back to you—you have got the hungry worm. The next morning I returned, and chose a

brace of partridges which were not yet roasted, remark, that I might, while they were doing, keep my poulterer chatting. Soon after, in comes my man with a big appetite, and buys a roasted turkey; a beautiful bird, upon my faith!—"Ah!" I said to him, "Mr. Such-a-one, you have an excellent appetite—there is enough there for and during a whole week." He, giving a wink of the eye, said, "The fact is, that I have the appetite of two." A Frenchman would sooner be hanged than miss a bon-mot.—I stole a look at him—he turned away, took up his bird, and was off. This was sufficient, for I was certain that he knew General Pichegru. I had my man soon whipped up, and, for a handsome reward, he delivered up, safe and sound, my general—and I got six thousand francs for my part in the affair.(5)

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Oh! you are *au fait* at these things; but I have no talent for divining.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

Do as you think proper—it is your own concern—for my part, I wash my hands of the business. If another should get the reward, or the state suffer, it will be no fault of mine.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Folly! This Don Juan has the air of a——

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

Shall I tell you what he has the air of? He has the air of a man who loves dearly the women; and if you were of my mind, you would eat your provender out of two mangers, and draw many a *quadruple* from this Colonel; who is moreover a Marquis, though nothing is said about it, and his servants tell me that he is rolling in riches.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Good God! how fatigued I am—I have not been able to close my eyes the whole of the night.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

He has a look as libertine as that of a sacristan. Ah! my dear girl, if I had been as handsome as you, I should not be now where I am; and yet, if you had me not along with you in your missions, what would you do? I must divide myself in four—be here, there, and every where, to bring game to mademoiselle, who has only the trouble of stooping to take it, and say thank you for the money it produces——

MADAME DE COULANGES *(ironically)*.

To say nothing of the honour!

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

Bah, bah!—Why should we trouble our heads about that, when there are birds of much finer feathers who do dirtier work?

Enter a Waiting Maid.

MAID.

Colonel Don-Juan Diaz wishes to know if he may be permitted to see you, ladies.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

Certainly.—There is the advantage of being pretty. She need not give herself any trouble; it is only to shew herself, and they run after her.

Enter Don Juan.

DON JUAN.

Pardon me, ladies; I present myself before you, having no other claim to the favour than that of being your neighbour. I have taken the liberty of coming to inquire whether your health has not suffered from the scene you witnessed yesterday, madame *(to Madame de Coulanges)*.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

I was certainly very much agitated; but, yet, never did I experience a more agreeable emotion.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE *(aside)*.

Well said!—*(Aloud)* Be good enough, sir, to take a chair.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

You, I hope, sir, found no ill effects—and the poor man whom you saved?

DON JUAN.

He is quite fresh, and sturdy, and already talks of renewing his herring-hunting.—But, madame, you

appear still to be indisposed. 'How much I reproach myself for having brought the drowning man into your presence—but in the confusion——.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

After having seen you brave death!—But, at present, I am quite well.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE *(aside)*.

She plays passion marvellously!—*(Aloud)* You do not tell us how you find yourself after the imprudence you committed.—Ah! young man, young man!—but this is the way with you all!

MADAME DE COULANGES *(aside to her mother)*.

All?

DON JUAN.

The truth is, that I passed a most agreeable night, delighted to have taken a salt-water bath at this season.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

My daughter has never ceased talking of your courage. She was alarmed lest you should have taken a serious cold.

DON JUAN.

I am quite proud at having caused her to think of me. But we military are proof against cold baths.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

You have probably, sir, in the course of your campaigning, met with my sons, two officers of the

greatest promise? The elder, General Tourville; and the younger, Colonel Augustus de Tourville.

DON JUAN.

I am ashamed to say, that I now hear their names for the first time—but I scarcely ever read the bulletins.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

Ah! you are right—they talk of nothing but blood. Ah! Monsieur Diaz, I very much fear my sons will be sent into Spain, which would be a subject of no little grief to us, for it is a most unjust war.

(*Don Juan, instead of replying, plays with his sash.*)

MADAME DE COULANGES.

I think you told me that you resided for some time at Seville?

DON JUAN.

Sufficiently long to bring away a most grateful impression of that noble city and its inhabitants. But you, madame, with the exception of their complexion, a little or so of the Moresco tint, recall to me all the charms of the ladies of Seville.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

It is at Seville that your Junta sits? Ah! they are sturdy, brave fellows—Romans of the time of Julius Cæsar.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Colonel, you are no doubt a musician. In your capacity of Spaniard you of course know how to

play the guitar: I should bring your talent to the proof, if I did not dread to annoy you.

DON JUAN.

Ah! madame, how could any thing, which tends to amuse you, annoy me! But, modesty apart, I only play the guitar well enough to give a serenade in case of need, or accompany the simple Spanish ballads. You, madame, as a French woman, can only be pleased with grand opera airs.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

You mistake altogether. Your plaintive melodies please me much more than that music, without colour or character, which it is so much the fashion to admire.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

Your music drives me away. Excuse me, Colonel Diaz. *(Aside to her daughter.)* The occasion is a fine one—take advantage of it! [*Goes out.*

DON JUAN.

Since you like our Spanish ballads, will you be obliging enough to sing one for me?

MADAME DE COULANGES.

But it may probably give you the *maladie du pays.*

DON JUAN.

Fortunately, the performer will counteract the effect of the music.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Here is a collection of ballads—choose one.

DON JUAN.

This one, judging from its title, should be an old ballad.

MADAME DE COULANGES *(aside)*.

Alas! what a choice!

DON JUAN.

A Christian knight in love with a Moresco lady—that is a favourite subject with our early poets.

(Madame de Coulanges sings, and Don Juan accompanies her on the guitar.)

BALLAD.

My Don Alvaro di Luna
Was a Knight of glorious meed;
And Zamora was his birth-place;
Aquilon his haughty steed;
And his sword was named *Steel-cleaver*—
It had seen more Moslems bleed
Than the beads upon my chaplet.
Never Knight by valiant deed
Had surpass'd him; and in duel
And in battle 'twas decreed
He should ever be the conqueror—
He the conqueror was indeed.

But two beaming eyes subdued him—
Zobeida's beaming eyes—
Cordova's Alcades' daughter—
Cordova, the great and wise.

In the fields he left his courser,
To the ground his sword he flung;
His guitar he seized, and swiftly
On a sable mule he sprung—
On a sable mule, white-footed,
And with love upon his tongue,
Hurried to his Zobeida;
And these simple words he sung:
"O, I love thee—mount behind me"—
To Zamora—maiden young!

Softly sighed his Zobeida—
"Noble Knight, I love thee!—Yes!
With a perfect love I love thee—
But wilt thou my God confess?
For my holy God is Allah—
Thine is Christ!—in her distress
Soon the Moorish maid will perish,
For she cannot love thee less,
And her heart is wounded sorely;
Thou canst not the maiden bless,
For she is a Moorish maiden,
Thou a Christian!"

Silently,
On his sable mule he mounted,
To Zamora hastened he—
That Zamora was his country,
Where in deeds of charity
All his wealth he scatter'd round him.
Thousand, thousand blessings be
On the meek and pious friar,
Who in peace and purity

Honour'd long Inigo's convent—
Where he slumbers tranquilly;
Where he died, the broken-hearted,
Odorous in sanctity:
For he loved a Moorish maiden,
And a Christian knight was he.

MADAME DE COULANGES *(sorrowfully)*.

Well! what do you think of it?

DON JUAN.

Charming! divinely sung! I wish they would make a law in Spain, forbidding all madmen to be monks, unless those who have run mad from love. This would serve to diminish the number of convents, and if there still remained any, that cause of seclusion would give foreigners a good idea of us.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

What do you think of the words?

DON JUAN.

They are like those of all our ancient ballads. Such were the absurd manners of the good old time. This Alvar de Luna was a pitiful animal! God's life, why did not he become a Mussulman instead of a monk?

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Ah! there are certain obstacles that must separate for ever persons made to love one another.

DON JUAN.

How is that? difference of religion or nation?

MADAME DE COULANGES.

There may be many others.

DON JUAN.

Which are they?

MADAME DE COULANGES.

For instance——

DON JUAN.

Well! cannot you find an example?—Ah! tell me, madame, would you find it impossible to renounce your country, and follow a husband who had gained your affections?

MADAME DE COULANGES.

On the contrary—it would be my duty as a wife, —but——

DON JUAN *(warmly)*.

But——

MADAME DE COULANGES.

I shall not marry again *(forcing a smile)*—the condition of a widow is so agreeable.

DON JUAN *(aside)*.

The devil take the ballad!

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Shall we have more music?

DON JUAN.

I should dread to fatigue you, madame,—besides I perceive that my visit is already too long.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

It will be always with the greatest pleasure that—

but—(*aside*) what shall I say to him, to prevent him from thus coming to throw himself into the nets spread for him?

Enter a WAITING MAID.

MAID.

The Marquis de la Romana wishes to see you, sir.

DON JUAN.

My General, before all other considerations. These are the principles of Don Alvar.—Will you permit me, madame? [*Kisses Madame de Coulanges' hand and goes out.*

MADAME DE COULANGES (*to Maid*).

Come and unlace me—I am suffocating. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Sea-Shore.

DON JUAN, WALLIS, *and* SAILORS, *in a boat at the bottom of the Stage—A Sentinel pacing before the Inn-door.*

WALLIS.

See the sloop is nearing us. They have hung a lantern to the mast-head.

DON JUAN.

I see it glimmering like a glowworm, about a league from us.

WALLIS.

You have not yet got a sailor's eye—they are

much closer than you think. In an hour I shall land you here again, and all will be settled.—Lads, have you put enough linen about your oars?

SAILOR.

That will be soon done, and they shall make no more noise than the paddle of a duck.

WALLIS.

While passing before the mole and the battery, lie down upon your oars, and if they should hail us, be sure to make no answer.

DON JUAN.

There is no danger of that. Every night the smugglers pass before the watch towers and the coast, without being perceived. *(A window opens, and* MADAME DE COULANGES *appears at the balcony of the Inn.)* Ha!

WALLIS *(in a low voice).*

Somebody is watching us—push off.

DON JUAN *(in a low voice).*

Fear nothing, who could recognize us in this trim? —*(To the sentinel.)* You will still be on guard when I return.

SENTINEL.

Yes, Colonel.

MADAME DE COULANGES *(singing, without seeing them).*

"For she is a Moorish maiden,
Thou a Christian."

DON JUAN.

To the devil with that burthen of a song!

WALLIS (*to the sailors*).

Quick! quick! in the name of the devil—this is rather an awkward place.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Even the freshness of evening cannot allay the flame that burns me.—(*Perceiving Don Juan*). Ha! who are these men?

WALLIS.

Thunder and blood! Colonel, what are you doing planted there under that balcony like a may-pole. By Heavens there is some one approaching from this side to cut off our retreat—hush! not a word.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE *enters, followed by a Waiting Maid.*

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Whoever you may be—go away from hence!

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

Ah, my God! there are men marauding about the inn—luckily the sentinel is here to protect us—and my daughter out upon the balcony. (*She approaches the boat.*)

WALLIS.

Halt there! we are smugglers—do not discover us, and you shall have some tobacco for nothing.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE (*going nearer*).

Ah, my good fellows! if you have any, I should like to buy some.

WALLIS.

It shall be sent to you—but come no nearer—push off—give me the rudder. [*The boat rows away.*

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

I should know that voice—and this person muffled up to the eyes in his cloak—and the sentinel who does not call out the guard.—This is all very singular—but I shall come to the bottom of it. Let us go in. [*They go into the Inn.*

SCENE III.

Apartment of Madame de Coulanges.

MADAME DE COULANGES *and* MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

It is vain for you to say any more—I know it was he.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

I tell you it was not; and you might have perceived, as clearly as I did, that they were smugglers.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

It may be so; but, nevertheless, I shall not go to bed till I see them return.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

But, mother, you will injure yourself.—Let me watch for you.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

No, no! get you to bed. You must preserve your complexion. But as I have none to lose, I shall sit up.—Besides, in these sort of affairs, I wish to see with my own eyes. Leave the shutter as I settled it; they must not perceive the light in our room.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

But they will not return, probably, for two or three days.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

No, no! If these people are what I take them for, they will be back before sun-rise. The General appears to be in a state of great anxiety since we have come here. I heard him all the last night walking about his room instead of being in his bed.—Come, all that is not natural.—But let me have my own way. They must rise early that can escape me.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Instead of fatiguing yourself by watching, cannot you ask the Host if any of the lodgers are abroad?

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

Simpleton that you are! The Host is no doubt bribed by them—and besides these people here are so careless! I have been playing *bouillotte* at

the French Resident's, and have eased them all of their ready money. – Ah, what young ones they are still!—But get you to sleep; you quite teaze me—do you know that it is nearly one o'clock?

MADAME DE COULANGES.

I cannot sleep, while I know that you remain up watching.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

Oh! just as you please.—There is still a light in the General's room; I see the reflection in the water. If I dared, I should like to open the balcony door.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Open it then—the air will relieve my head-ache.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

No, that would give the alarm to the old fox.—Listen—he is walking. (*Madame de Coulanges throws down a chair*). Confound you—cannot you remain quiet?

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Oh! I have so hurt my foot!

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

Hush with your nonsense!

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Oh! I am in such pain!—Oh!

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

What light is that beyond there, on the sea?

MADAME DE COULANGES.

A beacon, probably, to shew the channel.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

I rather think it comes from that vessel, under Hamburgh colours, that has been cruising for some days past about the entrance of the Belt.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Well,—and suppose it is—what have you to do with a Hamburgh vessel?

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

Hamburgh! Oh, it belongs as much to Hamburgh as I do.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

You are always making such strange suppositions. I should be sorry so to load my conscience.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

Conscience! You are enough to make me laugh with your conscience. You speak like a dirty monk.—Hush! Instead of one light, there are now two, but very dim—ha, ha! this becomes interesting.

MADAME DE COULANGES *(aside)*.

Alas!—(*Aloud*). Are you acquainted, then, with naval signals?

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

And there is the light put out in the General's room—*bravissimo!*

MADAME DE COULANGES.

He is gone to bed, because he has more sense than we have.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

Yes, yes, simpleton! believe that he is going to rest. There, his light reappears. It is probable, you will say, that his candle has been blown out, and that it has relighted itself, as sometimes happens.—Three lights in the vessel!—On our side eclipse.—Ah! the candle is again relighted.—Ah! we have you, my dear Marquis de la Romana.—How pale you are! I told you it was bad for you to sit up so late. Go to bed, my dear Eliza; fortune will come to you while sleeping, for our fortune is now made.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Would to Heaven it had been made long since!

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

Well said, upon my faith. If so, we should have been at this time of the day rolling in our carriage in Paris, instead of blowing our fingers in this island. But patience—there is but one light at present.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Let us retire to bed now.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

Ah! and my conscience? No, I must stop to see them land: until then I shall not have my conscience clear. I must have proofs, and they are coming to

me in that boat. If I dared, I should instantly go to the Resident's. But that would be to no purpose; he is such a silly animal. No, I shall write myself to the prince.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

I feel as if my head were on fire!

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

On our return to France we shall make an excellent affair with the muslins. By giving a gown or two to the custom-house officer's wife, we shall pass as much as we want of them.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Ah! would to God we had never done any thing but smuggle.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

Ah, child, it is necessary to take with both hands. I should like to know what has become of your brother Charles. It is now two years since we heard from him.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Ah! you know what he is. You gave him such an excellent education, that he scarcely knows how to write.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

No matter; Charles is a lad that will push himself far enough, if a bullet do not put an end to his march. His colonel says, he has the heart of a lion.

He is always the first where blows are to be given and taken.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Yes, and mischief to do *(Aside)*. He should have been here.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

He is the exact portrait of his father, Monsieur Leblanc, who was captain of the Guards, and who died bravely in the field of honour. His lieutenant, who is the father of your brother Augustus, told me that he had fifteen sabre-cuts upon his head alone.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Oh! horrible!

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

I must confess I have always had an inclination for your stout-hearted people. The first lover I had was a general, who went to America, where the savages eat him up, after having roasted him.—What I tell you is true.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Oh, God!

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

I shall never forget a counsellor of state, who allowed me twelve thousand francs a year. One day he took very patiently, in my presence, a couple of slaps in the face from a little cornet of light-horse, who was not worth a sous. Faith, I could not resist the temptation of quitting my Crœsus, and taking up

with my little cornet. If I were a man I should have gone into the army—that's certain.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

You see nothing at present.—It is as I told you.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

No, I see nothing yet. Hush! I see something black moving upon the water—it is either a wherry or a whale.—Close the shutter a little more, Eliza.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

They are—smugglers!

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

There is my man in the cloak—or rather your's.—He shakes the hand of another, and jumps on shore.—Will he enter the inn?—Good night, Eliza.

[*Goes out.*

MADAME DE COULANGES *(alone).*

He is lost! and it is I, miserable wretch, who have ruined him. Cursed be the day I landed on this island! Would to Heaven we had perished before reaching the port! Thus, the only man for whom I ever felt any thing like love is about to perish, and it is I—I who love him—that have put the cord round his neck! He will believe that the woman whom he loved, while she feigned a generous passion for him, was bargaining for the price of his head. I sell Don Juan for gold! How has it happened that I could ever have consented to follow this frightful calling! The most wretched prostitute

that walks the streets is less degraded than I. A thief, a robber is estimable in comparison with me. And I could—A great change must have taken place in me in a short time—for, when coming here, I only thought of the means of getting possession of this young man's secrets, for the purpose of betraying them. The atrocity of the act never once occurred to me. My love for him has opened my eyes. Ah! Juan Diaz, it is you alone who can draw me from the depth in which they have plunged me. Yes, the die is cast—I will attach myself to his fate—I will tell him every thing—I will abandon all to follow him. My country!—of what importance is my country to me? My family!—which has only studied to destroy a naturally upright mind and fashion me to vice,—my family is odious to me. There is nothing left me to love but Juan Diaz. But would he have me, knowing what I am? And to conceal from him—No, Juan Diaz is not a lover from whom I could conceal any thing;—and yet to tell him—he, who becomes fired with indignation at the bare mention of an act of baseness! He would drive me far from him. He would, I am sure, prefer the kitchen-maid of this inn, ugly, coarse, and vulgar as she is, to the beautiful Eliza, who makes a bait of her love to lead men to death. Well, let him think what he may of me, I love him too well to take any concern about myself. Sooner

or later he will know who I am. Probably, he would think less unkindly of me should he learn it from myself. He will be convinced of my love; for what but love could urge me to such an avowal? I will tell him all. I expose myself to his anger—no matter—I will save him. Though he should strike me; trample on me; spit upon me;—I will save him. I shall more willingly receive the blows of Juan Diaz, than the bank-bills stained with his blood. Probably, he will take pity on an unfortunate creature, who was not born with a soul inclined to infamy, but who has been forced into it by those who surrounded her. They have not, however, succeeded in entirely destroying my conscience.—Conscience! No; it is dead within me; for a long time its voice has been silent. My present resolution is not dictated by virtue nor conscience; it is love alone that can enable me to do one good action before my death. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Bed-Room of Don Juan Diaz.

Enter MADAME DE COULANGES.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

He is still with the General. How I tremble on entering this room. This is the first good action of my life, and yet I tremble! It appears to me as if

I saw him every where. (*She looks upon a table*). A letter just begun. He was probably writing to the woman of his heart in Spain!—and when he shall have returned to her, never will he write a word to poor Eliza!—This is his seal, with his arms engraven on it—and my name is so obscure!—A swan and the motto, "*Sans tache.*" Ah! never will he belie his motto! The portrait of a woman—it is certainly that of his mother——

Enter DON JUAN.

DON JUAN *(aside)*

What an agreeable surprise.—They have sworn, it appears, not to let me have any sleep.

MADAME DE COULANGES *(not seeing him)*.

These are like his features, but his mouth has not this disdainful expression.

DON JUAN *(aside)*.

What the devil is she doing?

MADAME DE COULANGES *(perceiving him)*.

Ah!

DON JUAN *(throwing himself on his knees)*.

You see at your feet, madame, the most ardent of lovers. Charming Eliza, let me prove to you——

MADAME DE COULANGES *(aside)*.

I shall never have the courage——

DON JUAN.

All the passion you have lighted up in my heart. Let us shut the door, and——

MADAME DE COULANGES (*repelling him*).

Colonel Don Juan, this is no time to speak of love, when the sword is suspended over your head.—

DON JUAN.

But you are in my arms——

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Cease, I pray you, and listen to me.

DON JUAN.

What's the matter, madame? you appear greatly agitated.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

All your projects are known. You and your General are lost.

DON JUAN (*aside*).

Heavens!—(*Aloud.*) What projects? I really do not know to what you allude.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

You are in communication with the English. You yourself have just had a conference with them on board that vessel which is cruising in sight of our windows. The General has made signals, which have been observed. Many eyes are fixed upon you. You are surrounded by enemies. It is for you to make an effort to escape from them.

DON JUAN.

But really, madame, I am shocked at my mistake; I have good reason to blush before you.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

No sir, you need not blush before me—look to your safety—and command me if I can be any way useful to you.

DON JUAN.

You know all—what gratitude do we not owe you! how can we ever——

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Speak! have you any need of me?

DON JUAN.

Ah! let us know who it is that watches us—he shall not be long in the land of the living.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Sir!—I know not how——

DON JUAN.

Finish your work—save us—enable us to take a just vengeance. Ah! madame, speak, I beseech you.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

But—I dare not——

DON JUAN.

Fear nothing madam—am I not here to protect you? Oh Heaven's! if you should consent to trust me——

MADAME DE COULANGES.

I believe—that it is probably——

DON JUAN.

The French Resident? I will run this instant and blow his brains out.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

No, no! I was up and at my balcony, and——

DON JUAN.

Your mother met us; but——

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Oh! it is not she that will betray you; she took you for smugglers. But there were men concealed who saw all—I observed them.

DON JUAN.

They were placed there, then, by the Resident—Life of God!

MADAME DE COULANGES.

He is so silly—that you have nothing to fear from him. In fine, reflect, and make the best arrangements you are able—and reckon upon me, if I can be in any way useful to you.—Adieu! [*Goes out.*

DON JUAN.

Stop, guardian angel—but she has fled. Here we are in a pretty position—I must acquaint the Marquis with it.

END OF THE SECOND DAY.

DAY III.

SCENE I.

Saloon.

DON JUAN *and* MARQUIS.

DON JUAN.

It is in vain that I have supplicated—it was impossible for me to see her. It appears that she is unwell.

MARQUIS.

This devil of a woman is a sorceress!

DON JUAN.

Well, General, you will allow at present, that it is not so bad a plan to carry on an amorous intrigue at the same time with a political one?

MARQUIS.

I have strong suspicions of her mother.

DON JUAN.

Her mother? She is a good-natured old fool. She kept talking during two long hours to me to-

day, of her dear sons that are with the army. And then she loves her daughter so tenderly! Trust me—she is a woman without a grain of guile in her composition.

MARQUIS.

But, in fine, what had she to do upon the sea-shore, at so late an hour—when you were setting off?

DON JUAN.

How should I know? She told me that she met some smugglers yesterday evening, and that she had informed the burgomaster, in order that he should look to it. She recounted to me all the terrible dreams she had had of poniards, spectres, &c.; and I told her, in return, so many frightful things, that she will not see distinctly for some time.

MARQUIS.

The English fleet will be soon in the bay, and put an end to our inquietudes. God grant the wind may not change!

Enter MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

DON JUAN.

Ah! madame, I beseech you, tell me how your daughter is.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

Something better this morning, God be thanked! The poor dear! she frightened me not a little at first; but I hope it will be nothing.

MARQUIS.

Have the kindness to present my respects to her.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

Much obliged to you, General.—Oh, if you knew what fright I had last night!

MARQUIS.

I have heard something of it.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

First—to begin with the beginning—I went to the French Resident's, who had invited me and my daughter to pass the evening at his house; there was a great deal of company; the drawing room was full; the time passes quick in company, and then, when it was already late, we were obliged to sit down to *bouvillotte*. I at first refused, but as they could not make up a table without me, I sacrificed myself and played. But once installed in my arm-chair, you would not believe how I carried all before me—impossible to throw me out! In fine, it was I know not what hour when the game was over. One of your officers very gallantly offered me his arm; but I refused it, fearing the poor young man might be scolded for returning so late to the barracks. My son, when he was at the military school——

DON JUAN *(aside)*.

Ah, we're in for it—a history.

MARQUIS.

How many smugglers were there?

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

I saw two opposite the inn door: there was one muffled up in a huge black cloak, a most murderous looking fellow, with his belt stuck full of pistols; I thought he would have assassinated me.

MARQUIS.

Oh! they never do any thing of that sort. Should you not sometimes be glad to get a little Virginia or Guatimala snuff, instead of that which comes from your imperial manufactory?

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

You take me by my weak side—but yet—I would tell you something—if I did not fear that you would take me for a tell-tale.

MARQUIS.

Speak, madam.—

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

The sentinel at your door saw all, and yet never said a word—I do not tell you this in order that you may punish him.

MARQUIS.

Hush! you must not betray me—it was to me those smugglers came: they brought me some American cigars—we cannot smoke any others. Is it not so?

DON JUAN.

Most assuredly.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

Very pretty doings, General—but be sure that I

shall denounce you, if you do not give me some Virginia or Saint Vincent snuff to stop my mouth.

MARQUIS.

Agreed—I am happy in having some of both to offer you.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

No, no, no! what I said was but in jest—I do not wish to deprive you of any.

MARQUIS.

You must take some; it is for my own security. I wish that you should compromise yourself by taking part in the fraud.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

Well, here is my box.

MARQUIS.

Keep it, and let me have the pleasure of giving you some bottles.

DON JUAN.

When madame, shall I be permitted to present my respects to your daughter—Ah, Madame de Tourville! I long ardently to see her.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

She will not see any one at present.—*(In a low voice)* And yet she never ceases speaking of you.

DON JUAN.

Really? and what does she say?

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

Oh! a thousand things—but how should I recol-

lect them—I must now go and keep her company. Adieu, gentlemen. [*Goes out.*

DON JUAN.

We kiss you hands.—Well, my Lord Marquis, what think you of her?

MARQUIS.

She must be an excellent actress if she is deluding us. At all events, we have now but a short time to be afraid of her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

French Resident's Cabinet.

RESIDENT *(alone).*

This will be worth to me at least a knight's cross of the Legion of Honour. It is not so easy a matter to discover a conspiracy; and besides, I trust they will take into account the *sang froid* and steadiness I have shewn in the midst of enemies. However, I hope the French troops will soon be here—I am impatient to find myself amongst my dear countrymen. My position is frightful. With all the courage possible—a single man against a division—one is not displeased to receive a reinforcement.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

A gentleman wishes to speak to you, sir.

Enter CHARLES LEBLANC.

RESIDENT.

What can I do for your service, sir?

CHARLES LEBLANC.

Nothing for mine, sir, but something for that of his majesty. Such as you see me, sir, I am first Lieutenant of Grenadiers in the Imperial Guard. I have cut off my mustachios, and put on a coloured coat to come here—I am then, as you see, an officer in the Imperial Guard. Bernadotte—the Prince de Ponte-Corvo, I mean to say—has sent me hither. Here is my order for bringing to reason a certain Spanish General, who is inclined to play the truant. You know what I wish to say?

RESIDENT.

Perfectly, sir—but you bring with you probably seven or eight thousand men?

CHARLES LEBLANC.

Pshaw! do you imagine we can transport a division of the army in a balloon? Mr. Resident, you appear to me to be a little green as yet. I came alone—I have not even brought my sabre with me: but I am a man of deeds, and I know how to manage matters.

RESIDENT *(smiling)*.

The thing appears to me a little difficult or so. The Spaniards are numerous, and we cannot reckon

much upon the Danes and Hanoverians who are with them.

CHARLES LEBLANC.

No matter—we shall do without them. Now listen to me *(sits down)*. Ah! my loins are dislocated—I have killed three horses on the road. Listen—the heads of our columns cannot make their appearance here these three days, and in the mean time the oven is heating. The Heligoland fleet has sailed, the wind is fair, the English will enter the Great Belt before we shall have seen the little one, and all will be lost.

RESIDENT.

You have, very judiciously, put your finger upon the wound.

CHARLES LEBLANC.

I know not what you mean by that—but between you and me, the Prince de Ponte Corvo told me, that as you were a little allied to the Dunderheads, I should concert measures with a certain Madame de Coulanges and Madame de Tourville who are here.

RESIDENT.

Sir, you really have a manner of expressing yourself, that I could not excuse—but in a military man.

CHARLES LEBLANC.

Bring here your women. You see that I am knocked up. I left the seat of my breeches, and a

part of my skin, sticking to the saddle of my horse, and I have now no time to make long phrases. Call up your *mouchardes*—let us arrange our affairs, and then give me a bed, or a bundle of straw to rest myself; for, by the five thousand devils, my body is beaten into the consistence of a roasted apple.

RESIDENT.

Madame de Tourville was to have called upon me about this time, and I am surprised she has not already come.

CHARLES LEBLANC.

Is that your breakfast? Good! Call for a plate, knife, and fork for yourself. To your health, little papa—by the holy pipe but your wine is good—you are an honest fellow, or the devil fetch me.—Oh! I am so ravenous, I could eat my father without salt.

RESIDENT *(aside.)*

What a tone these people have. *(Aloud)*—Sir, I beg you to make yourself perfectly at home.

CHARLES LEBLANC.

You are right, *parbleu!* you are right. I see that you are an honest fellow—I like your frank-hearted people. What's your name?—not to be uncivil——

RESIDENT.

Baron Amadeus de Pacaret.

CHARLES LEBLANC.

To your health, noble Baron de Pacaret—there is

some good wine of that name. I call myself Charles Leblanc, first lieutenant in the Imperial Guard, third battalion of Grenadiers. Come, drink to my health, most noble Baron. You have got no glass—take mine *Morbleu!* when you are with the army you must do as the army does. You have served?

RESIDENT.

Not in the army; but I have served, in another way, my emperor and my country.

CHARLES LEBLANC.

In the di— the diplomacy, with pen-strokes? so much the better; all that one runs the risk of catching in that way are a few ink spots.—But these damned women, why do they not appear?

RESIDENT.

I expect Madame de Tourville every moment. It would seem, sir, that considering you are a Frenchman and a Chevalier *(pointing to the ribbon of Charles Leblanc)*—for you are a Chevalier, eh, eh, eh! —you entertain but little respect for that charming sex, destined——

CHARLES LEBLANC.

As charming as you please. I like women who hold their tongues and do not make you pay too much. To your good health, Monsieur Pacaret.

RESIDENT.

I hear a woman's step—here she is.

Enter MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

CHARLES LEBLANC.

A thousand thunders! it is my mother.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

Ah, my child! embrace your mother, my dear little Charles.

CHARLES LEBLANC.

Well, well! are you not done yet? And is it really you?

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

My dear boy!

CHARLES LEBLANC.

Your most obedient. You follow a pretty calling! If that should be known at the regiment, the devil strangle me if I should not rather see you a corpse than a *moucharde.*

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

Oh, Charles!

CHARLES LEBLANC.

My sister is, I suppose, enrolled in the same regiment? Let her not come near me. There is no filial respect due from me to her.—Hush! Attention and silence! Let me throw off a glass to digest this intelligence.—Bah! it is not much after all. Listen, papa Pacaret—this is what I have devised. You shall invite General la Romana to dine to morrow. Do you hear?

RESIDENT.

But if he should refuse?

CHARLES LEBLANC.

He dare not.—You have here fifty French soldiers?

RESIDENT.

There is a company of light-horse here.

CHARLES LEBLANC.

That is sufficient.—Well, you will invite General Romana, his staff, and the Danish officers. You will place me next the General at dinner.—Then, between the dessert and the cheese you will propose the health of the Emperor; that is the signal upon which we have agreed. My light-horse men, who will be in readiness, will then enter, and level their carbines at the Spaniards. I shall seize the General by the collar on one side, and you on the other. Should they make any difficulty about surrendering themselves, you and I will throw ourselves under the table, and our men discharge their pieces each at his Spaniard. We shall then barricade the doors, and the Danes and other *canailles* will have an easy job of it with the disorganized and unofficered Spaniards. At all events, we shall hold out as long as we can, and if the doors should be forced, we will kill our prisoners, and then blow each other's brains out!—What do you say to that?

RESIDENT.

Sir!—but—the measure is—a little—violent.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

It appears to me that we might——

CHARLES LEBLANC.

Monsieur Pacaret, are you a good pistol-shot?

RESIDENT *(affecting great firmness)*.

I never miss my man at thirty paces.

CHARLES LEBLANC.

The devil you don't!—so much the better. You will give proof of your skill, should there be occasion. You will act like a brave man—will you not?

RESIDENT.

Undoubtedly—I am a Frenchman! But we should be more certain of success were we to wait——

CHARLES LEBLANC.

For the arrival of the English—is it not so?

RESIDENT.

No! but of the French.

CHARLES LEBLANC.

Eh, morbleu! have you forgotten that they cannot be here these three days?

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

There is a way of doing the thing with less risk—with a little arsenic.

CHARLES LEBLANC.

Arsenic! thousand bomb-shells! Do you take me for a poisoner?—me, a lieutenant in the Imperial

Guard? Do you suppose that I should suffer arsenic to be given to brave soldiers, and let them die like rats? I would rather blow my own brains out than administer any other but leaden pills to soldiers.—Arsenic! in the name of the devil! arsenic!

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

But——

CHARLES LEBLANC.

Silence! I am not a *mouchard*. Do not speak to me of arsenic, or I shall forget that you are my mother.—And you, my little Baron, have the goodness to execute the orders I bring you. Write your invitations, and if they are not accepted, may a cannon-ball serve me for a pill if I do not make you eat the blade of my sabre.

RESIDENT.

Sir, sir!—It is for the service of his majesty—if my duty——

CHARLES LEBLANC.

Come, your are a brave fellow, give me a handful of your hand, and tell them to make me a bed.

[*He drinks off a glass, and goes out.*

RESIDENT.

Faith, madame, I must congratulate you; your son is a pretty sort of youth.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

Alas! he is the image of his deceased father—who knew nothing but his sabre.

RESIDENT.

Here I am in a most pleasing position.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

However, his advice is not to be neglected—this plan must be executed.

RESIDENT.

Well, be it so; but you will dine with us madame?

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

But, sir, I could be of no manner of use to you!

RESIDENT.

Morbleu, madame! you shall dine with us, or the devil fetch me if I do not have you arrested.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

Well, sir! I accept your invitation. I will come, and let you see that, though a woman, I have more courage than youself, my little diplomatist. Adieu! [*Goes out.*

RESIDENT (*alone*).

Heaven and earth! Death and fury! May the devil fetch me, if he would only take me away from this.—Unfortunate man that I am! what will become of me? I should prefer even going to a field of battle to finding myself in the midst of this affray: in the one a man might contrive to get out of reach of the balls. Miserable man that I am! And I thought diplomacy so easy a business—and in this cursed island, I am so unprovided with any thing. But why should he not await the

coming of the French troops? He will ruin every thing with his precipitation. Ah! if I had been allowed to do it my own way, I should have made sure of the cross of the Legion of Honour. And now, it is this huge blustering shark of an officer that will carry off the prize; an ignoramus, that knows nothing whatsoever of diplomacy—who has never opened a Vatel!—And I—Ah! if they should commit a mistake in the confusion? Cursed profession!—dog's life!—infernal island!—These are the pistols I am to make use of.—Let me see—I shall put twelve balls in each, and whomever I fire at shall not escape.—Come, come! a man can die but once! Let them come on, these Spaniards! let them come on. Every Frenchman is a soldier! (*manœuvres with the pistols*). But, softly—what an admirable idea!—No, these are not the arms of a diplomatist—(*lays down the pistols*). Towards the conclusion of dinner, I shall say, "Permit me to go and fetch you a few bottles of old and excellent wine."—That's it—and they will manage their affairs without me.—Parbleu! see what it is to have a head. This may be called getting handsomely out of the business. And should our lieutenant be killed in the confusion, I shall draw up a report. And then—then—it is a clear case—I shall become an ambassador. Morbleu! what it is to have a little wit in one's anger! A blustering bully, like this Leblanc, may do for the

knock down work upon occasion. But we diplomatists, we always know—we know how to manage our affairs. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Saloon in the Inn.

DON JUAN—MADAME DE COULANGES.

DON JUAN.

I beseech you, excuse my impatience—but—I found you alone in my bed-room—at so late an hour—and you came there to save us!

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Let us say no more of that, sir. Are you sure of succeeding? Are all your arrangements made?

DON JUAN.

Yes. Our regiments are marching towards Nybourg. The English fleet will be——

MADAME DE COULANGES.

I do not ask you to tell me any thing—keep your own counsel. But are you sure of success?

DON JUAN.

As much so as human prudence can warrant.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

I am very glad of it.

DON JUAN.

In a short time I shall be in Spain.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

What joy will you not feel on finding yourself in the midst of your friends, after so long an absence!

DON JUAN.

Alas! but a short time back I burned to return to Galicia; but now I feel unhappy at the idea of quitting this savage island.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Think of the calls upon you, sir. You are going to fight for your country. You will have a thousand things to occupy your attention. As for me—I—I hope, that no misfortune will befall you in Spain—that peace will soon be restored; and then, if you should come into France—I shall feel great pleasure in seeing you.

DON JUAN.

I see nothing but sorrow before me. You have been my good angel—and now——

MADAME DE COULANGES.

I shall see you once more before your departure. I am embroidering a little purse, which I shall beg of you to accept in remembrance of me.

DON JUAN.

I can no longer resist—Madame, give me either life or death!—Tell me, will you—I scarcely dare propose it to you—will you accept my name, and accompany me to my native country?

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Sir! what is it that you propose to me? *(Aside.)* Oh! if I did not love him so much!

DON JUAN.

I know that Spain is but a dull place of residence for a Frenchwoman, particularly in the state in which it now is. A canvas tent, with only the straw of a bivouac, must be the chamber of Juan Diaz's wife for a long time to come. I do not speak to you of my fortune and my birth—your mind is of too elevated an order to be touched by such considerations; but—if the most ardent love, and the most profound esteem should appear worthy of your heart! You probably think, that I do not love you enough for yourself—that I only offer you a share in misfortunes and sufferings. But what can I do? My country calls me—and I feel that I cannot live without you!

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Sir, can it be possible!—You offer me your hand—I am a Frenchwoman without fortune. How can you think of me, and renounce the brilliant alliance which probably awaits you?

DON JUAN.

And is it really true, that you have no repugnance towards me?—that you love me?

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Yes, Don Juan, I love you, but I cannot marry you—that must never be—ask me no more!

DON JUAN.

I am the happiest of men. Think no more of the difference of fortune—of what consequence is it?—If you were richer than I, would you not love me?

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Oh, would to Heaven it were so!

DON JUAN.

Well then, let me shew myself as generous as yourself.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

No! leave me. You have made me happy. I am satisfied.—Adieu!

DON JUAN.

What means this mystery? Tell me your scruples—my love will soon conquer them.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

I cannot.

DON JUAN.

You throw me into despair.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

My family is so numerous!

DON JUAN.

I have fortune sufficient for them all.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

My mother——

DON JUAN.

I will prevail upon her to accompany us.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Impossible!—she would never consent!

DON JUAN.

You are concealing some vain scruple from me.—Eliza, I entreat you by our love to tell it me.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Since you insist, listen, Don Juan.—You are going to Spain, where the most important interests will call for your attention. In the midst of the tumults of war, what would become of me? A wife would be a burden to you—think of the vicissitudes of war!

DON JUAN *(striking his forehead).*

I thought that a woman could love as I do! Adieu, madame—you have taught me my duty.—Yes, I shall return to Spain, and I trust the first cannon-ball fired, after my arrival, will reach me. You will at least not have the misfortune of being a widow.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Stop, Don Juan! do not believe what I have said to you. The ball which kills you will also strike me to the heart. It is a much more terrible reason that prevents me from marrying you; and I love

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you too well to marry you without disclosing it to you.—But, do not question me about it, if you wish to preserve any affection for me.—Adieu, Don Juan; I shall never cease to think of you.

DON JUAN.

Eliza, Eliza, I swear to you, upon my honour, that I will never seek to know that reason—never speak to you of it—never have the least inquietude relative to it—nothing can ever change my affection. But, if you have really any love for me, consent to accompany me.—What childish scruple can it be that stops you?

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Don Juan, in declaring to me your love, you have rendered me more happy than I have ever been in my life; but, now you force me to yield all that happiness.—However, it must be so—you insist upon it!

DON JUAN.

No, I do not.—Tell me nothing.—I swear to you beforehand, that nothing you may tell me can prevent me from loving you. After my honour, you are to me the next dearest object in the world.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

No! you shall never know my secret!

[*Goes into her room and shuts the door.*

DON JUAN *(alone)*.

What is the matter?—is she mad? What can

this secret be that she dares not avow?—*(Knocks at the door)*. Eliza, Eliza!—She answers not!—Eliza! Never was there a more miserable man.—All kinds of misfortunes concur to overwhelm me.—I know not what to think of her! And yet, I never loved her so much as at this moment.—Ah! God be praised!—here comes her mother. *(Enter Madame de Tourville.)* Come, madame, and restore me to life—I am a lost man, if you do not aid me.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

What is the matter, sir? How can I be useful to you?

DON JUAN.

Ah! madame—my destiny is in your hands—I am very unhappy—I have just made an avowal of my passion to your daughter—

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

How, sir!—to my daughter!

DON JUAN.

Yes! I adore her—I cannot live without her.—She has confessed that she had no objection to me—that she loved me;—and then—I know not what singular idea took possession of her—she told me that she would never be my wife.—Ah! madame—if you have any influence over her——

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

You wish to marry my daughter?

DON JUAN.

Oh! if she would consent, I should be the happiest of mankind.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

You!—*(Aside.)* What have I done! Fool that I am, I never thought of this!

DON JUAN.

But, notwithstanding all my prayers, she refused to tell me the motive or scruple——

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

But, sir, the difference of fortune—may it not be——

DON JUAN.

Oh! do not speak to me of that—I have thirty thousand piastres a year—I am rich—noble—but to what purpose? She has some extravagant scruple—she conceals it from me, and dooms me to death.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE *(aside)*.

Fool that I was—What could I have been thinking of!—There was much more to be gained in this quarter.

DON JUAN.

I entreat you, madame, in the name of Heaven—go and speak to her—be, from this moment, my mother—solicit for me—tell her how wretched I shall be if she does not consent to be mine.—But you, madame, probably entertain the same scruples as your daughter?

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

I, Colonel! no—on the contrary, I have the highest esteem for you. I desire the honour of your alliance.—*(Aside.)* Her head is turned.

DON JUAN.

You overwhelm me. Hasten, my dear Madame de Tourville—tell her that I do not wish to know her secrets—say, if she does not hate me——

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

Believe me, Colonel, that there is nothing at the bottom of all this but some childish absurdity. I have brought up my daughter too well, to allow of her having any thing serious to conceal.—*(Aside.)* I should be a pretty simpleton to miss the ball at the rebound. The recompense would be trifling in comparison to what I may derive from this—I will tell him all.

DON JUAN.

Ah, madame! my only hope is in you.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

Listen, young man, I have something very serious to tell you.

DON JUAN.

My dear Madame de Tourville—go to her—bring her here—I can listen to nothing at present.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

A little patience, rash youth. I have just come from the Resident's, with whom I had some busi-

ness. As there was some one with him, I waited for a short time in the antichamber. The curiosity natural to my sex, I must confess, made me listen to what they were saying, and as the partition was a slight one, I heard all.—And could you guess what it was?—he was plotting, Monsieur Juan Diaz, with a young man as hot-headed as yourself, to invite the General to dinner, where he was to be assassinated or made prisoner, and kept in confinement until the French troops, who are on their way, should arrive here, and exterminate all the Spaniards in the island.

DON JUAN.

Heavens!—the Resident!

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

The young man who was with him appeared to be unwilling to consent to this, and endeavoured to shew how atrocious such conduct would be; but the villain of a Resident threatened to have him shot, and he was obliged to consent, though very much against his will, I am sure.

DON JUAN.

There was only this misfortune wanting to me!

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

You will not do any harm to this young man, I hope?—As to the Resident—he is a confirmed old scoundrel, and deserving of your utmost anger.

DON JUAN.

I must go to the Marquis de la Romana—be good enough to come along with me.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

We must not let the Resident escape—I am still trembling with horror at his infamous treachery—you should have him instantly shot, without listening to him. As to the other——

DON JUAN.

His affair is quite clear.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

You have promised me to pardon him—but hearken, young man—hearken, my child—

DON JUAN.

Ah! my good mother!

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

I shall bring my daughter to you; and while you are making your peace with her, I will go and inform the General of every thing, and by that means we shall kill two birds with one stone.

DON JUAN.

Go instantly to her! I shall return here in a moment.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

No: remain here—I will bring her to you immediately. She is so simple and innocent—this poor Eliza—faith, between you and me, her first husband was an old dotard.

DON JUAN.

Go, and return quickly.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

Now for an ambush—don't say a word—stand at that side of the door *(knocks)*. It is I—your mother—open, Eliza. [*Exit.*

DON JUAN *(alone)*.

I know not whether it be a good angel or the devil that conducts our affairs—but my head is splitting! I can hold out no longer—never was I so put to the proof.—Hark! her mother is entreating her—she resists.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

Help, Colonel! Hasten here! *(Don Juan goes into the room, and returns with Madame de Coulanges, followed by Madame de Tourville.)*

DON JUAN.

Oh! you shall not again escape from me—you are mine for life—your mother consents.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

Ah! this tender scene brings the tears into my eyes. Come, my children—love each other and be happy—it is your mother who blesses you. (*Aside to Don Juan*) I am going to the General. [*Exit.*

DON JUAN.

In the name of Heaven, look upon me, Eliza! What have I done to you? Can it be that you no

longer love me? Give me your hand—Ah! it is in vain that you struggle—you must take this ring (*he forces a ring upon her finger*). There is now nothing more to be said—you have my ring—long live the Marchioness of * * *

MADAME DE COULANGES.

You wish then to know all? Leave me—take back your ring, and keep it for some other Marchioness.—Do you know, Don Juan, for what purpose I came to this island? They promised me six thousand francs a year to come here and get into your confidence, for the purpose of betraying your secrets—what think you of that, Don Juan?

DON JUAN.

Ah!

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Now you know the honourable profession I follow—my real name is Leblanc. If you wish to know the story of my life, listen for a moment—you do not yet know all, and have need of your courage.

DON JUAN.

For pity's sake, cease! you are jesting.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Hear me! My mother brought me up with the hope that my beauty and talents would prove a source of wealth to her. Surrounded by a family accustomed to infamy, is it to be wondered at, that

I profited so well by the examples continually before my eyes?—Yes, Don Juan, I am in the pay of the police—they have sent me hither to seduce you—to draw from you the secrets of your friend, and conduct you both to the scaffold. (*She falls upon a sofa.*)

DON JUAN.

Eliza! oh you have given me my death-blow, Eliza.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

What! have you not fled from me?

DON JUAN.

You are ill, Eliza! you are mad!

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Leave me, sir—you will be polluted by touching a wretch like me—I shall have strength enough to get to my room unsupported. (*She endeavours to rise, but falls again.*)

DON JUAN.

Eliza! all that you have said is false. Have not you and your mother revealed to me the plan of destruction prepared for us by our enemies?

MADAME DE COULANGES.

I know not what my mother may have told you; but I, Don Juan, I have been paid—paid to find out your secrets.

DON JUAN.

I cannot believe you.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

The moment I came to know you, my whole soul underwent a change—my eyes were opened—for the first time it struck me that I was doing wrong—I wished to save you!—Oh! Don Juan, the love that I feel for you—suffer me to speak once more of that love—my love for you has changed my being—I begin to see what virtue is—it is—it is the wish to please you.

DON JUAN.

Unhappy woman!—Cursed be the barbarians who corrupted your youth.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Oh! Don Juan, you pity me! But you are so generous! you feel even for your horse when he suffers. Oh! I shall think of you all my life—perhaps God will have pity on me; for yes, there is a God in Heaven!

DON JUAN.

But at present you love virtue!

MADAME DE COULANGES.

I love you with all the strength of my soul—but I disgust you—I see it—

DON JUAN *(after a pause)*.

Hear me, Eliza—be candid—one single question. Have you ever been instrumental to the death of a human being? But no—answer me not.—What right have I to ask you such a question?—I, who

fought at Trafalgar, at Eylau, at Friedland for the despot of the world!—Have I not assisted in the destruction of brave men, fighting for the liberty of their country? But a few days ago would I not, at the first sound of the drum, have sabred a patriot for the good pleasure of the Emperor?—And yet I dare to ask you such a question. All men are wolves and monsters!—I am tempted to blow her brains out, and then kill myself upon her body.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

I shall answer, Don Juan. I swear to you by—but who will believe an oath from my mouth? No! I never caused the death of any one. Rise up, Don Juan—take back your ring—but thank the chance that has protected me.—If these hands which you kiss are unstained by innocent blood, I have to thank chance alone for it. Had I not met with you, I know not what I might have done.

DON JUAN.

You are as virtuous, Eliza—you are more virtuous than those puritanical beings, who, because they have passed their lives in a convent, boast of having resisted temptation. Eliza, you are my wife!—Your mother shall remain here—I will give her as much money as she may wish for. But you—you shall accompany me, and share in all my fortunes.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

You are mad—In a short time you will change

your mind; and then you will be astonished that you could ever have felt even pity for a creature like me.

DON JUAN.

Never, never!

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Yes! I am sufficiently happy, since you have not spurned me with your foot, as if I were some noxious reptile. I am not willing to become the bane of your life, by taking you at your word in a moment of enthusiasm. You must find a wife who shall be worthy of you.—Adieu!

DON JUAN.

Eliza, you shall *not* leave me—I cannot live without you.—I shall never love any one but you. Come with me—they will never know any thing of your history in Spain.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Ah! Don Juan!—*(takes his hand.)* Be it so—I am yours. But I will not be your wife, I will be your mistress—your servant; when you become tired of me, you can drive me away. If you can bear me near you, we are united for life and death.

DON JUAN.

You shall be my mistress and my wife. (*Kisses her.*)

MADAME DE COULANGES.

My resolution is now taken, and I shall not change it.

Enter Madame de Tourville.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

In one another's arms!—At length I am satisfied —I told you that she wished for nothing better.

DON JUAN.

Eliza, leave us for an instant—I will shortly rejoin you in my room. [*Exit Madame de Coulanges.*

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

Faith, Colonel, you have made quick work of it. But I came from the Marquis, who wishes to see you.

DON JUAN.

I know who you are, madame—and, if I pleased, I might have you hanged. Will you take ten thousand piastres to remain here, or go to the devil if you will, on condition of never again seeing, speaking, or writing to your daughter?

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

But, sir, my dear daughter——

DON JUAN.

Ten thousand piastres!—reflect on it!

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

So loving a mother——

DON JUAN.

Yes or no?

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

I accept the piastres.—And yet it is rather hard for a mother——

DON JUAN.

Return to your apartment—You shall have them this evening. Do not attempt to quit the house, or the sentinels shall fire upon you.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

At least, permit me for the last time——

DON JUAN.

Retire, and do not enrage me.

MADAME DE TOURVILLE *(aside)*.

What a cunning little baggage! [*Exit.*

Enter the MARQUIS.

MARQUIS.

Faith! I submit.—There is nothing like your handsome fellows for finding out a secret.—Madame de Tourville told us the truth—here is a letter from the Resident inviting me to dinner.

DON JUAN.

Twelve bullets in his brain-pan—that's what he deserves.

MARQUIS.

I do not intend to throw so many away upon him. I shall have his couriers arrested, and his dinner shall finish in a very different way from what he hopes. It will be also the last that we shall eat in this island. The wind is favourable—To morrow the English admiral will cast anchor before Nybourg. I will make sure of the Danish and German officers, in the same manner they purposed to do with us.

DON JUAN.

Shoot them! shoot them! shoot them!—All of them are such scoundrels, that they are scarcely worth the cartridge which sends them into the other world.

MARQUIS.

The devil! at what a rate you drive!—I do not intend to put any one to death, except the Resident, whom I shall have well and duly hanged, to teach him that a dining room should be held as sacred as the place where the congress holds its sittings. To-morrow he shall serve as an example to all future diplomatists, and as a sign to this inn.

DON JUAN.

Amen!

MARQUIS.

Take this note to Colonel Zamora—let all the couriers be arrested.—The flying artillery has arrived—I am going to write to the commandant. The fortress will be occupied by the grenadiers of Catalonia.—All the regiments will assemble at five o'clock upon the parade, and if the devil does not meddle with it, the Prince de Ponte Corvo shall not find a single man here to answer to his call.

DON JUAN.

Ah! General, I already long to find myself face to face with the French. [*Exeunt.*

BALLET.

The Parade of Nybourg.

In the back Scene is seen a Park of Artillery.—Military Music.

FIRST GROUP.

Four cannoneers and four female suttlers.

SECOND GROUP.

A fandango.

THIRD GROUP.

Waltz.—Spanish soldiers and girls of Nybourg.

The Retreat is sounded, and the Dancing ceases.

CONCLUSION.

SCENE IV.

A Dining Room.

MARQUIS, DON JUAN, *the* RESIDENT, CHARLES LEBLANC, *Spanish, Danish, and German Officers, at Table.*

CHARLES LEBLANC.

Let the dessert be brought in.

RESIDENT.

Eh! not yet, not yet—it is not yet time.—We have not dined yet.

MARQUIS.

What's the matter with you, Baron? you appear to be unwell.

RESIDENT.

Nothing, absolutely nothing, General—on the contrary.—Mr. Leblanc, stop—I wished to tell you not to drink that wine—I am going to bring in some which is particularly excellent, that I have had by me for a long time—I shall go for it myself.

CHARLES LEBLANC *(in a low voice).*

Send a servant.

RESIDENT.

No, I never confide the keys of my cellar to them—they are too awkward, they always break my bottles.

CHARLES LEBLANC.

Oh! he is afraid of broken bottles.—Go then—we shall not commence the dessert till you return.

RESIDENT.

No ceremony, I entreat you—eat away. [*Goes out; the dessert is brought in.*]

MARQUIS *(to Charles Leblanc).*

You appear to have been in the army, sir?

CHARLES LEBLANC.

It is not impossible—but for the present quarter-of-an-hour I am secretary to the Resident; and moreover, very much at your service.

MARQUIS.

Don Juan, do you recollect an officer that we picked up in Friedland? He had been covered with wounds and thrown into a ditch by the cossacks.

CHARLES LEBLANC.

May the devil strangle them—it was I.—You have a good memory, General.—Now, my good friends, attention to the word of command. As I am the representative, for a quarter of an hour, of Mr. Resident, seeing he has abandoned his post—I am going to propose to you, the health of our own little corporal.—Here is to the health of his majesty the Emperor! long live the Emperor! *(Aside)* Why the devil do they not make their appearance? (*The Danish and German officers rise to drink the toast.*)

MARQUIS *(rising)*.

It is now my turn, gentlemen, and I have the honour of proposing the health of his majesty Ferdinand VII. King of Spain and the Indies!

SPANISH OFFICERS.

Long live the king. *(Tumult.)*

CHARLES LEBLANC.

Long live the Emperor.—On, on, light-horsemen! —General, I arrest you.—Come, you Danish *canaille*, assist me!

(SPANISH SOLDIERS *enter*. CHARLES LEBLANC *is disarmed—the windows of the back scene open—the*

English fleet, with all their flags flying, is seen firing a salute—a joyful shout from the Spanish regiments is heard.)

MARQUIS.

Your light-horsemen are in prison, Mr. Secretary.—Danish and German officers—Gentlemen, it is with regret that I must require your words of honour, not to make any attempt to oppose our design. All resistance would be vain, and your courage is sufficiently known not to need any further proof. Resume your swords—you are no longer prisoners. Heretofore we have fought together under the same banner—a future day may find us combating in the same ranks, under the flag of liberty. We quit you to fly to the defence of our country, for before swearing to serve the Emperor, we owed our blood to Spain. Farewell, gentlemen.—Spanish officers—I know too well the corps I have the honour of commanding, to doubt for an instant the alacrity with which each of you will answer to the call of his country.—You are going to measure your swords with the tyrants and conquerors of the world, and the crowd of foreign slaves whom they are driving upon Spain. You will find our armies disorganized and destroyed; but every Spaniard has become a soldier, and the mountains of the Morena already attest that our peasantry can vanquish the victors of Austerlitz.[7] Treachery has delivered up

our fortified towns to the enemy, our arsenals are also in his power—but in each of our unwalled towns is a Palafox,[a] and our citadels have become as impregnable as that of Saragossa. All our provinces are over-run by the enemy—but every where the French are besieged in their camps. Our king is a captive—but we have still the Pelasgi.—For Spain, gentlemen,—and war without quarter to the French![b]

ALL.

For Spain!

MARQUIS.

I am going to pass the troops in review—do you, Don Juan, make sure of that rascal the Resident—you know my intentions. [*Exeunt Marquis and Spanish and Danish officers.*]

CHARLES LEBLANC.

Faith, Colonel, this is a comical turning of the tables; but may I be hanged if it was not that wretched mother of mine that sold this pass upon us.

DON JUAN.

What is your name?

CHARLES LEBLANC.

Charles Leblanc, Lieutenant of Grenadiers in the Imperial Guard.

DON JUAN.

Can it be possible, sir, that an officer belonging to a corps so justly esteemed, should descend to the trade of an assassin?

CHARLES LEBLANC.

That title does not apply to me. I did not intend to assassinate any one.

DON JUAN.

And those light-horsemen?

CHARLES LEBLANC.

In the first place, they were not to have fired but at the last extremity; and even in that case it could not be called an assassination, but an ambuscade, which is quite a different thing. To assassinate, may become a scoundrel of a monk [9] or a *mouchard*—but an ambuscade is not degrading to a brave officer.

DON JUAN.

Sir, you appear to be much better acquainted with the articles of the military code than with the distinctions of right and wrong.—But will you tell me what that soldier merits who comes to an ambuscade out of uniform?

CHARLES LEBLANC.

I feel that if you order me to be shot, as you have the right, I shall not have a word to say; but still, as I am very anxious not to be taken for a *mouchard* by a brave officer, I beg you to remark (and note that I do not ask for my life) that I have in no way whatever sought to find out your secrets, to see where your regiments were encamped, or your

artillery placed—nothing at all of that kind. I laid in ambuscade for you, as I have had already the honour of telling you.—I avow that I was wrong to come dressed like a *pekin* [10]—and yet this coat—No! I can never make it out a military one. Come, I see I must have a bullet through my head, to teach me never again to quit my uniform.

DON JUAN.

No! you have a name that saves you—Monsieur Leblanc.

CHARLES LEBLANC.

Ah! probably you are in love with either my mother or sister, who serve in the regiment of *mouchards.*

DON JUAN.

Silence!

CHARLES LEBLANC.

The devil take the *mouchards!*—Order me to be shot. I should not like to have it said that the life of an officer of the Imperial Guard was spared for the sake of such *canaille.*

DON JUAN.

No! I give you your life in consideration of your courage.

CHARLES LEBLANC.

I accept it on that condition.—Colonel, you are an excellent fellow—You have the look of a brave

soldier, though you have not yet bitten so many cartridges as I have. And yet I am but a poor devil of a lieutenant, and you—Oh! what an excellent service that of Spain must be.

DON JUAN.

Should you wish for a company in our division?

CHARLES LEBLANC.

No! the devil take me if I do. I should prefer being cut into quarters, rather than wear any but the French cockade.

Enter a SERJEANT.

SERJEANT.

Colonel, we have been seeking every where for the Resident, but cannot find him.—However, the rope is quite ready at the inn-door.

CHARLES LEBLANC.

Ah, ah! and so there is a halter dangling over the door, instead of the sign of the three crowns.

Enter MADAME DE COULANGES, *dressed in the uniform of Don Juan's regiment.*

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Colonel, your regiment is about to march, and only waits for you.

DON JUAN.

Oh! my dear Eliza!

CHARLES LEBLANC *(aside and turning away).*

My sister!—May the devil take her!

DON JUAN.

There is the cannon giving the signal of departure —Come, my dearest love.

MADAME DE COULANGES.

Farewell, France—I shall never see you again!

CHARLES LEBLANC *(aside).*

France is well rid of you.—(*Aloud*) Adieu, Colonel, I do not thank you. [*Exeunt Don Juan, Madame de Coulanges, and Spanish Soldiers.*]

CHARLES LEBLANC *(at the window).*

Gallant looking troops, faith!—a charming *coup-d'œil.*—What a fine thing to command a division such as that! By the right flank! into column! march!—How stupidly these Danes stare at them, like so many plucked geese!

RESIDENT *enters, opening the door cautiously.*

RESIDENT.

I hear no noise—all must be over—I may now venture, as I no longer hear the voices of the Spaniards.—Ah! my dear Lieutenant, you here!—Have we not managed our affairs in a gallant style?—I was obliged to make head against a dozen of them below stairs.—Why the devil did you not wait for me?

CHARLES LEBLANC.

Look out of the window.

RESIDENT.

Heavens!—La Romana at the head of the Spaniards!—What does all this mean?

CHARLES LEBLANC.

It means that we have been betrayed; that I should have been shot but for Colonel Juan Diaz, and that they are looking for you to hang you!

RESIDENT.

To hang me!

CHARLES LEBLANC.

They wish to make you serve as a sign to this inn.—Do you see that halter?—It is your neck that it waits for.

RESIDENT.

To hang me!

CHARLES LEBLANC.

Yes, truly—I wish you a happy time of it, Mr. Resident!

RESIDENT.

Oh heavens! and will you not defend me, Lieutenant?

CHARLES LEBLANC.

What can I do? I am disarmed—the best thing you can do, is to ask pardon of these gentlemen and ladies.

RESIDENT.

Thus finishes the comedy—excuse the faults of the author. *(Military music is heard.)*

NOTES TO THE PROLOGUE.

(1) It appears that Clara Gazul wished to represent the celebrated and unhappy Portier, better known in Spain by the title *del Marquesito* (the little marquis), a nick-name which his soldiers gave him. Whether he followed the Marquis de la Romana to Fuenen is not perfectly clear; but it is certain that, after the entry of Ferdinand VII. into his kingdom, Portier openly declared in favour of the constitution of the Cortes, which he had so ably defended in the war of independence. An attempt which he made, in September 1815, for proclaiming the Constitution at Corogne obtained no success; and, betrayed by his unworthy companions, Portier was delivered to the military authorities, condemned to death, and shot, October 3, 1815. The following epitaph was composed by himself: "Here rest the "remains of Don Juan Diaz Portier, General of the Spanish armies, "who was successful in what he undertook against the enemies of "his country, but who died a victim to civil dissentions. Souls of "sensibility, respect the ashes of this unfortunate man!"

(2) The *basquina* is a short and narrow petticoat, and the *mantilla* a black veil without which the Spanish ladies seldom if ever go out.

(3) The war of the Partizans.

(4) At Espinosa. The Marquis de la Romana was at that time in England.

(5) It should never be forgotten that this comedy was written during the constitutional government.

(6) A soldier of a free company.

NOTES TO THE PLAY.

Note in p. 16, *line* 4.—Bernadotte, then Prince de Ponte-Corvo, now King of Sweden.

(2) Battle of Vimeira, gained the 21st June 1808, by Sir Arthur Wellesley (Duke of Wellington) over General Junot and the French army, which capitulated at Cintra, and embarked for France.

(3) A German custom.

(4) The women of Andalusia are renowned all over Spain for the smallness of their feet, and the sweetness of their accent.

(5) The tragic death of the unfortunate Porlier is known to every one.

(6) Historical.

(7) At Baylen, where the army of General Dupont was obliged to capitulate to the *levées-en-masse* of Castanos and the Swiss General Reding.

(8) In Spanish *guerra* or *cuchillo*. The famous answer of General Palafox, to the proposal of an honourable capitulation at the first siege of Saragossa.

(9) See the bulletins and proclamations of Napoleon and Murat. *Mouchards* are spies of the most contemptible kind.

(10) A name of contempt, by which the French military designate the civilians.

END.

A

WOMAN IS A DEVIL;

OR,

THE TEMPTATION OF SAINT ANTONY.

A COMEDY. (1)

DEMONIO.

" Yo haré que el estudio olvides,
" Suspendido en una rara
" Beldad."

CALDERON.—*El Magico Prodigioso.*

PROLOGUE.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

The author of the comedy you are about to judge has taken the liberty to diverge from the beaten path: he has brought upon the scene, for the first time, certain personages whom our nurses, wet and dry, have taught us to revere. Many persons will be scandalized at this boldness, and will term it sacrilege; but to exhibit upon the stage the cruel ministers of a God of clemency, cannot be justly construed into an attack upon our holy religion. The errors of its interpretors can no more obscure its brightness, than a drop of ink can discolour the crystal waters of the Guadalquiver.*

Spaniards, now happily emancipated, have learned to distinguish true devotion from hypocrisy. It is by such the author wishes to be judged; confident that they will look upon that only as a jest, in which the worthy Torquemada would have found matter for an *auto-da-fé*, with the full complement of *san benitos*.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

FRAY ANTONIO,
FRAY RAFAEL, } Inquisitors.
FRAY DOMINGO,

MARIQUITA.

Familiars of the Inquisition.

The Scene is at Grenada.

A

WOMAN IS A DEVIL;

OR, THE

TEMPTATION OF SAINT ANTONY.

SCENE I.

A judgment hall in the Inquisition at Grenada.—On a raised part of the floor to the right, and hung with black, are three seats, the middle one higher than the two others. In the back-scene are perceived several instruments of torture lying confusedly about. Below, and in front of the three seats, are a table and a chair for the Register. The theatre is dimly lighted.

Enter RAFAEL *and* DOMINGO *in the full costume of Inquisitors.*

RAFAEL.

Signor Domingo, I tell you again it is a crying injustice. I have now been an inquisitor of Grenada for seventeen years, during which time I sent twenty heretics every year to the flames—and is it by appointing a beardless youth my superior, that my lord the Grand Inquisitor recognizes my services?

DOMINGO.

This is quite atrocious, and I could tell you nearly as much on my own account. Do you know what all this proves? it proves that my lord the Grand Inquisitor is nothing better than an ass.

RAFAEL.

We knew that already; but I did not know till now that he was both fanatical and unjust.

DOMINGO.

And what grave matter of reproach has he against us, after all?

RAFAEL.

I know well what has ruined me in his good opinion—a mere trifle. The story of the little Jewess whom I converted, and who took it into her head to become a mother all of a sudden, got wind, and came to his ears: but, after all, what is there in that so very extraordinary?

DOMINGO.

Moreover, he accuses us, I am told, of not being Christians.

RAFAEL.

To be an inquisitor, is it then so necessary to be a Christian?

DOMINGO.

Notwithstanding your conversion and its results, I am noted in his tablets in still blacker characters than you.

RAFAEL.

You, probably, figure there as an atheist.

DOMINGO.

No, thank Heaven! but my rascal of a lay-brother, who makes up my room, shewed him the leg of a fowl that he found—I know not how—and in Lent, if you please!

RAFAEL.

Oh, heavens, that is a sad affair!

DOMINGO.

But the worst of all is, that the new inquisitor, whom he has named president of the tribunal, is a demon sent as a spy upon us. And, to add to our misfortune, this odd fellow is perfectly sincere in his belief.

RAFAEL.

No!—you cannot make me believe that!

DOMINGO.

If I do not deceive myself, he is a second Loyola. It is said that he does not yet know of any difference between a man and a woman—Oh! he is a true saint!

RAFAEL.

Alas!

DOMINGO.

Alas!

RAFAEL.

Zounds! is it thus that our services are to be

recompensed? I am in a horrible bad humour to day —would to Heaven I were a Turk! Woe to those who shall be brought before us to day, for I must wreak my ill-humour upon some one. To the flames! to the flames!. and again to the flames!— That is my last word.

DOMINGO.

Amen! To day is Saturday, and it is always my habit to condemn of a Saturday—on Mondays I acquit. By that means, if there should be any mistakes, if the innocent should fall on my condemning day, the fault must be with Providence. But, apropos, tell me what has become of your Jewess?

RAFAEL.

She is in the Lying-in-hospital—the little silly slut!

DOMINGO.

Slut enough, in all truth.—*(Aside)* And you think that you sent her there, poor simpleton that you are!

RAFAEL.

What's that you are muttering between your teeth?

DOMINGO.

Oh! I was cursing that imbecile Grand Inquisitor.

RAFAEL.

May the devil fly away with him!

DOMINGO.

Hush! there's an echo here.—Move away! here comes our saint. *(They go to different sides of the hall, and commence redding their breviaries.)*

Enter ANTONIO, *in grand costume.*

ANTONIO.

My very reverend fathers, we are going to take cognizance of a very important affair, and for which I see you are preparing yourselves. We have to try a sorceress, a woman who has entered into a compact with the devil, reverend fathers. The spirit of darkness has, it is said, gifted this wretched being with supernatural power. But do not be disheartened, the cross that we wear will shield us from the talons of the evil one, should he be able to appear within the sacred walls of the Holy Office.

DOMINGO.

Satan would lose his time here.

ANTONIO.

Alas! reverend father, do not say so. The flesh is weak, the vessel is fragile. Miserable sinner that I am! my only force is in the knowledge of my weakness. A long life passed in sanctity has rendered you invulnerable to temptation—but as for me, I am not only young in years, but also in pious works.—Ah! I shall have great need of your good advice to enable me to escape the rocks and quicksands of life!

RAFAEL.

We have all need of good advice.

DOMINGO.

Warned by each other, we shall resist more successfully the attacks of the demon.

ANTONIO.

"Lord, lead us not into temptation!" such is my prayer at every instant of the day. We are so liable to fall. No matter how much the soul may be on its guard, the enemy of mankind is so wily a serpent, that he will make his way through the smallest opening; and one single drop of his venom may gangrene a soul for ever.

RAFAEL *(aside)*.

He has something on his conscience—it must be a curious case.—*(Aloud.)* To what powerful temptation has God permitted you to be exposed?

ANTONIO.

We have still time before the prisoners shall be brought in, and a sincere avowal of our faults may be a useful preparation for the task we have to fulfil. Listen then, reverend fathers.—I have always thought that the most efficacious instrument of damnation that the evil one can make use of, is a woman. You are of my opinion, fathers. It is less dangerous to meet with an aspic than a woman.

DOMINGO *(with affected surprise)*.

How! it is a woman that is——

ANTONIO.

From my earliest infancy I was brought up in a convent—beyond the wall of which I never strayed. Until six months ago I had never known any woman but my mother, and would to God that I had never seen another of the sex!

RAFAEL *(with affected surprise).*

Holy Virgin!—you make me shudder!

ANTONIO.

Satan afflicted me with a grievous malady, that put my life in danger. I prayed to God to let me die in my innocence, but my prayers were not heard—I recovered; and the physicians, to complete my cure, ordered me to breathe a purer air in a little country house belonging to the convent. Emboldened by the solitude of the place, I ventured out alone to take some exercise in the neighbouring fields. One day, on returning to the house, my eyes encountered near the door a being whose dress made me suppose it was a woman. This unexpected appearance threw me into such trouble and confusion, that I had not sufficient presence of mind even to close my eyes; bewildered, beside myself, I stood motionless before her, while her image sunk deeper and deeper into my heart. In vain I sought to fly—my feet remained rooted to the earth. Like to a man under the influence of the nightmare, I saw the danger, but had neither force to fly

it, nor voice to call for aid. I was like a bird under the fascination of the rattle-snake—my blood boiled in my veins—I trembled with affright; and yet, if the comparison be not a sacrilege, I felt that kind of delicious extacy that I have sometimes experienced when praying before our holy Madona—a few moments more and I should have dropped dead on the spot.—I felt my soul ready to abandon me.—I should have died, and died in sin—had not that creature made an effort to approach me. This sudden movement, by redoubling my fears, broke the charm—I was able to cry "Jesus!" This holy name unbound me; and I rushed forward with all my strength, and without once looking behind me, until, meeting my confessor, I threw myself into his arms and relieved my oppressed soul.

RAFAEL *(with a profound sigh).*

I expected something worse.

ANTONIO.

Satan had not yet done with his victim. I had fled, but I brought away with me the poisoned shaft. Alas! I must confess that it is still in my heart.—Neither fastings, prayers, nor mortifications, can drive from my thoughts the image of that woman. She haunts me in my dreams—I see her everywhere—her large black eyes, which, like those of a young cat, are at the same time mild and mischievous, are continually before me—even at this moment I see

them (*he hides his face in his hands*). And—must I avow it?—often, when engaged in sacred study, my mind remains insensible to the sublime words of the evangelist; my eyes see, and my lips pronounce the words, without conveying their meaning to my understanding, for my whole soul is occupied by that woman.—Surely it was such a face that Satan assumed to tempt my ever blessed patron. Great Saint Antony, inspire me with your courage!

RAFAEL and DOMINGO.

May the Lord be your help!

ANTONIO.

Amen! Why should a miserable sinner be condemned to pronounce judgment on others, when he himself may on the last day be sent into the flames as a backslider? (*Long pause.*) Let us, however, go through with our task; and painful though it be, let us recollect that man is doomed to pass his life in tribulation—(*He takes his seat between Rafael and Domingo*). Register, call on the cause, and let the prisoner be brought in.

RAFAEL.

Why do you shut your eyes?

ANTONIO.

Would to God I were blind! do you know that it is a woman that is to appear before us?

REGISTER.

Maria Valdez—come and appear before the tribu-

nal of the Holy Office. [*Enter* MARIQUITA *veiled, between two Familiars of the Inquisition.*

ANTONIO (*his eyes closed*).

Woman, what is your name?

MARIQUITA.

I am called Maria Valdez, but more frequently Mariquita, and sometimes *mad-cap*. These are all my names and titles.

ANTONIO (*his eyes still closed*).

Your age?

MARIQUITA.

That is rather a puzzling question to put to a woman, if you wish her to tell the truth. However, I shall be candid—I am twenty-three years old—if you doubt it, look at me. Do I appear older? (*I'uts aside her veil.*)

RAFAEL AND DOMINGO (*aside*).

Gad's life! what a lovely girl!

ANTONIO (*his eyes still closed, and in a low voice*).

Avaunt Satan! demon of curiosity, you shall not conquer me! (*Aloud*) What is your profession?

MARIQUITA (*hesitating*).

I know not what the deuce to say—I sing, I dance, I play on the castanets, &c. &c. &c.

ANTONIO.

It is then in those amusements, the names of which, thanks to Heaven, are unknown to me, that

you waste a time that you should employ in weeping and repentance?

MARIQUITA.

And why, Signor Licentiate, should I weep and repent, since I have never done any thing bad?

ANTONIO.

Nothing bad? interrogate your conscience!

MARIQUITA.

And what has it to reproach me with? It is true I have committed some little faults, but for which I got absolution last Sunday from the chaplain of the Royal Murcia Infantry. Let me go away, and do not frighten me any longer with your black robes and your——

ANTONIO.

Maria Valdez, you say that your conscience is pure; reflect, and do not perjure yourself.

MARIQUITA.

Since I have told you the truth, I hope you will let me go away.

RAFAEL *(to Antonio)*.

Bring her to the point.

ANTONIO.

Do you know a woman named Juana Mendo?

MARIQUITA.

Do I know her? Certainly; she is one of my friends.

ANTONIO.

Have you never had a quarrel with her?

MARIQUITA.

No!—Ah! stop—Two or three days ago she wished to squabble with me, pretending that I had stolen her lover from her, which was not at all true, Mr. Licentiate. All that was in it was, that Manuel Torribio told her that my beautiful black eyes were much handsomer than her ugly red ones.

ANTONIO.

Her black eyes *(putting quickly his hand before his eyes)*. Signor Rafael, I beseech you to go on for a moment with the interrogation.

RAFAEL *(after looking over some papers, in a mild tone of voice)*.

Mariquita, did you not, on Friday the 15th August, pass by the olive plantation of Juana Mendo, while eating a pomegranate?

MARIQUITA.

How should I recollect?

RAFAEL.

Answer, yes or no!

MARIQUITA.

I believe I did.

RAFAEL *(reading)*.

Did you not throw the kernels into her plantation, at the same time that you waved in the air a wand made of hazle or some other wood, having two ends?

MARIQUITA *(laughing)*.

And what other way would you have it—with only one end?

RAFAEL.

Recollect in whose presence you are.——Having two ends stripped of the bark?—Answer!

MARIQUITA.

What should I know about all this?

RAFAEL.

Yes or no.

MARIQUITA.

Well—yes.

RAFAEL.

Did you not sing an impious song, in which there is frequent mention made of a certain John Barleycorn?

MARIQUITO *(laughing)*.

Ah, ah, ah! Signor Licentiate, of what are you talking to me? I have sung an English ballad, taught me by a trumpeter of Mackay's regiment, in the army of Lord Peterborough—and, true enough, it is upon the death of John Barleycorn.

DOMINGO.

Who is John Barleycorn? one of the spirits of darkness, perhaps?

MARIQUITA.

Ah, ah, ah! John Barleycorn means a grain of barley; and the ballad tells how they make beer out

of barley. Let me go, and I will sing it for you, for you have the look of a good-humoured fellow, and are not like that grim one there (*pointing to Antonio*).

ANTONIO (*eyes still closed*).

It is difficult to believe that there is not a hidden meaning under this word.

MARIQUITA.

Honi soit qui mal y pense, as is written upon the helmet of Captain O'Trigger.

ANTONIO.

But how do you account for Juana Mendo's plantation being destroyed by an inundation?

MARIQUITA (*laughing*).

How should I account for it?—You had better ask the river Geyar why it overflowed its banks.

ANTONIO.

No, it is precisely from you that I will ask that question. Why did you command it to overflow?

MARIQUITA.

Are we still acting, or have we lost our wits? Do you take me for a witch?

ANTONIO.

Thou hast said it.

MARIQUITA.

Mercy on me! If that gruff voice of your's did not make me tremble, I should die of laughing.

ANTONIO.

Your laughter will be changed into weeping—you

deny having cast a spell upon the olive-trees of Juana Mendo?

MARIQUITA.

How should I know how to cast spells?

ANTONIO.

Every sin may be expiated.—Woman, I adjure you, in the name of your Creator, to speak the truth —if you do not wish the death of your soul.

MARIQUITA.

Surely, if I were a witch, I should long ago have whisked up the chimney away from you.

ANTONIO.

Reflect and tremble—it is still time—hereafter it will be of no use to retract.

RAFAEL.

Signor Colleague, she is obstinate. Let me talk to her a moment alone.

DOMINGO.

No, I shall take that task upon myself.—Signor Rafael, you forget that you have a report to draw up.

ANTONIO.

We cannot break through the rules of the Holy Office. For the last time, Maria Valdez, I ask you, are you a witch?

MARIQUITA.

For the last time—I am not.—How obstinate he is!

ANTONIO.

Wretched woman! I wash my hands of you; your blood be upon your own head. The forty-eighth article of the Code of Interrogatories says, "That, if the accused should persist in his or her denial, and that the accusations should not be altogether devoid of verbal or written proof, the president ought, in order to confirm them, to apply the torture to the accused."

MARIQUITA.

The torture! Jesus! Maria! You are then going to tear me as a carder tears the wool!—Signors Licentiates, take pity on a poor innocent girl. I conjure you not to put me to death by torture. Shut me up in a dungeon—deprive me of the light of the sun, but do not kill me; do not torture me!

RAFAEL.

Signor Antonio, have pity on her youth!

DOMINGO.

She is innocent, Signor Colleague!—Have a little compassion on her.

ANTONIO.

I can only listen to the rule.—Pedro Garcias, torturer, come forth. (*The executioner appears in the back scene.*)

MARIQUITA.

Oh! do not say so!—Mercy, mercy!—Look upon

me at least. (*She rushes forward and embraces Antonio's knees.*)

ANTONIO (*opening his eyes, which had been closed during the dialogue*).

Ah!

RAFAEL.

Signor, have pity.—But what's the matter with you?

ANTONIO (*in a trembling voice*).

I know you well—you are come to lead me to hell—you have stripped off your nuptial robe, and I see the parched skin of the devil. I am then already in hell—all the masses in the world, and Saint Anthony himself, cannot save me from it. (*Falls senseless.*)

RAFAEL.

He is mad!

DOMINGO (*to the Familiars*).

Carry him to his cell.—(*Aside to Mariquita*) Fear nothing, my dear child, you shall not be put to the torture.

RAFAEL (*aside to Mariquita*).

Don't be afraid. It is not for persons made like you that these terrible instruments were designed.—(*To the Familiars*) Lead her out; give her a good chamber, but do not allow any one to speak to her.

DOMINGO (*aside to Mariquita*).

Beware of Rafael.—Trust to me; I will do every thing in my power for you.

RAFAEL *(aside to Mariquita).*

Put no confidence in Domingo—he is an old hypocrite. I feel a great interest for you—Adieu, my daughter (*pats her on the cheek*), I shall prove your friend—Farewell!—*(Aside as he goes out)* I shall take care to hinder you from seeing her.

DOMINGO (*going out*).

I shall prevent you from going near her, old satyr, or I shall forfeit my cassock.

[*Mariquita is led away.*

SCENE II.

Antonio's Cell.—On the wall is a picture of the Madona.

ANTONIO (*alone, and walking up and down with great strides.*)

It is all over—I am lost—damned! Had I sinned with her I could not be more guilty. I can no longer pray—and, besides, to what purpose?—Now—I shall never pray again—I am damned—so much the better! But, in the mean time, Maria, Mariquita, I shall think only of you. Would that our two souls formed but one *(a pause)*. How is this? I am going to sacrifice my eternal salvation to a woman—perhaps to a fallen angel, or the tempter himself. Shall thirty years of prayers and mortifications be thus thrown away? Had I lived in the world I could not have been worse off.—And I have passed a miser-

able life—and yet I shall be damned!—*(After a pause.)* She is always before me! (*Puts his hand on his eyes and kneels down before the Madona*). Holy mother of God, take pity on me!—I am a——It is herself, feature for feature—there are her black eyes! —Oh, Mariquita! (*stretches his hands out to seize the picture, but starts back affrighted.*) Great God! her eyes dart lightnings at me—they reproach me with my sacrilege!—Shall I go?—No: you shall be witness of my fall.—Go (*turns the picture towards the wall.—Pause*). If I should return to the world and abjure my vows—but why encourage such thoughts? I shall quit this habit, that I have profaned, but it shall be to enter into the convent of La Trappe. It is said they die quickly there, and that is what best suits me! I shall die in pronouncing her name. But why die?—why impose upon myself so severe a penitence?—What have I done after all? Are we not miserable enough here below, without adding to our sufferings the hair-shirt and the discipline?—Can I not?—Yes! there have been saints who have had wives and children.—I shall get married and have children, and become a good father of a family.—Thou liest, Satan—thou shalt not carry me away for that.—I shall bring up my family religiously, which will be at least as agreeable to God as the smoke of our *auto-da-fés*. Wretched fool! have I not sworn to renounce the world?—has not God

himself received my vows?—and is not his hell blazing for the perjurers? (*A pause.*) I am already too guilty —there is no salvation for me—my piety; ah! a single glance of that woman's eye has withered it in my heart; I have no longer the force to keep myself from the brink of the precipice.—Well, then, let me plunge into it!—Hell opens for me! [*Runs out.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Palace of the Inquisition,

MARIQUITA (*alone, sitting upon the foot of her bed*).

Poor Maria! where are you? What will become of you? Mariquita, the mad-cap, in the Inquisition! That makes me laugh.—But I shudder when I think that the poor mad-cap will be burned. It is so painful to burn one's finger with a candle; but what will it be when the whole body is in the flames? (*weeps.*) They wish to burn me, who am a good catholic! I, who refused to marry Corporal Hardy, merely because he was a heretic; and yet, he was such a handsome man—five feet nine inches! And then I should have gone with him to England, and Captain O'Trigger would have made him a serjeant, as he promised me, and I should have become a suttler.—Ah! what a fool I was! "*D—— their eyes,*" as the soldiers used to say, these devils of monks, they are are all libertines.—There is nothing like a monk for

peopling the foundling hospitals. Probably these two big bloated inquisitors, who said such sweet things to me, will hinder that tall meagre one from sending me to the flames.—Ah! let me not think of that—misfortune comes soon enough of itself.—Bah! *vive la joie.* Let me try and forget what awaits me, by singing that song which they take for Hebrew [2] (*Sings*).

" They laid him out upon the floor,
" To work his farther woe,
" And still, as signs of life appear'd,
" They toss'd him to and fro.
" They wasted o'er a scorching fire
" The marrow of his bones—"

Alas! poor John Barleycorn, how he must have suffered! and it is thus I am to suffer.—Alas! must I then be burned!

ANTONIO (*entering*).

In this world—and the next.

MARIQUITA (*moving from him with affright*).

Ah! already! already!

ANTONIO.

Maria!

MARIQUITA.

But one quarter of an hour more!

ANTONIO.

Maria—I am yours—entirely yours—I am no

longer an inquisitor.—I am Antonio—I wish to be——

MARIQUITA (*still frightened*).

My executioner—You are my executioner!

ANTONIO.

No, no! not your executioner—Your friend:—We shall be but one body and soul—Let us be like Adam and Eve.

MARIQUITA.

How, father—you my lover!

ANTONIO.

Lover! lover! yes, thy lover—let us love each other for ever.

MARIQUITA.

Take me out of this place.

ANTONIO.

Yes—but love me first.

MARIQUITA.

We shall have time enough afterwards—the first thing to be done is to escape.

ANTONIO (*with rapture*).

Look you, Mariquita—I abjure my vows—I am no longer a priest—I will be only your lover—your husband—your lover.—We shall fly together to the deserts, and live upon wild fruits like the hermits.

MARIQUITA.

Bah! 'twill be much better to try and get to Cadiz, where we shall find a vessel to take us to

England. It is a fine country, and they say the priests are married there; and there is no inquisition. —Captain O'Trigger——

ANTONIO.

Cease, wife, to speak any more of these English captains—I do not like to hear talk of them.

MARIQUITA.

Jealous already—let us fly quickly.

ANTONIO.

Immediately—but first shew me that you love me.

MARIQUITA.

Well! quick—how innocent you are.

ANTONIO.

Innocent! innocent! no, I am the greatest of sinners; a reprobate, doomed to be damned—damned—but I love you, and renounce paradise for the pleasure of looking on these eyes.

MARIQUITA.

Let us go, let us go, and afterwards we shall be as loving as two turtle doves. There—(*kisses him*).

ANTONIO (*shouting*).

Who cares for hell when one is so happy as I am?

RAFAEL *enters, making the sign of the cross.*

RAFAEL.

Sweet Jesus! what do I see?

ANTONIO.

Rafael!

RAFAEL.

Wretch, is it thus you profane the cross that you wear?

ANTONIO.

Signor Rafael, I am no longer a priest—I am the husband of Mariquita.—Marry us, and give us your benediction (*throws himself on his knees*).

RAFAEL.

The malediction of God be upon your head!

ANTONIO (*seizing him by the collar*).

Marry me, or I kill you. (*They struggle; Rafael is thrown down and draws a poniard*).

MARIQUITA.

Look to yourself, innocent!

ANTONIO (*wrests the poniard from him*).

Take that, accursed villain!—(*Stabs him.*)

RAFAEL.

Ha! I am dead, and the devil awaits me.—Antonio, you have anticipated me—who would have thought it?—Go, I pardon you the stratagem—because I cannot revenge myself.—Farewell! I go to prepare the fire for you. In the mean time, enjoy the little rest of your life—I have locked up Domingo—and sent the others out of the way: but you have been before-hand with me—you are not so stupid as I thought—Ah! that I had——

ANTONIO (*horrified*).

Why do you not say your prayers?

RAFAEL.

My prayers!—Ah, ah, ah! Here I go—(*Dies*).

MARIQUITA.

I will put on his habit, and we shall get out without being discovered.

ANTONIO.

In one hour I have become a fornicator, a perjurer, and an assassin.

MARIQUITA.

In seeing this tragic close, you will, I believe, be of our opinion, that *A Woman is a Devil.*

ANTONIO.

Thus finishes the first part of the temptation of Saint Antony.—Excuse the faults of the author.

NOTES.

(1) Clara Gazul affects to make use of the word Comedy (*Comedia*), employed by the earlier Spanish poets, to express every kind of dramatic production, either grave or gay.

(2) An officer of the 42d regiment (English), who used to visit at my house, taught me this song, which I translated into Spanish, and to which I put an air of my own choosing—I was then thirteen years of age (1812).

C. G.

JOHN BARLEYCORN,

A BALLAD.

There was three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough, and plough'd him down;
Put clods upon his head;
And they hae sworn a solemn oath,
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
And show'rs began to fall:
John Barleycorn got up again
And sore surpris'd them all.

The sultry suns of summer came
And he grew thick and strong,
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more;
He faded into age:
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

They've taen a weapon long and sharp
And cut him by the knee:
Then ty'd him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgery,

They laid him down upon his back
And cudgell'd him full sore:
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
Then heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor
To work his farther woe,
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted o'er a scorching flame
The marrow of his bones:
But a miller us'd him worst of all,
For he crush'd him between two stones.

And they hae taen his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round;
And still the more and more they drank
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprize:
For if you do but taste his blood
'Twill make your courage rise.

'Twill make a man forget his woe;
'Twill heighten all his joy:
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Though the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand:
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in auld Scotland!

END.

AFRICAN LOVE,

A COMEDY.

Amor loco
A dos fidalgos disparó la flecha.
LOPE DE VEGA. *El guante de dona Blanca.*

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

SIDI NOUMAN.
ZEIN-BEN-HUMEIDA.
BABA MUSTAPHA.
MOJANA.

Scene—Cordova, during the reign of Abderam.

AFRICAN LOVE,

SCENE I.

A Pavilion in the Garden of Sidi Nouman.(1)

SIDI NOUMAN,—BABA MUSTAPHA.

SIDI NOUMAN.

Well! what's become of Zeïn?

BABA MUSTAPHA.

Omar, the Caliph's guard, has this instant given me intelligence of him.

SIDI NOUMAN.

Speak!

BABA MUSTAPHA.

He saw him yesterday in the slave-market: your friend was speaking to one of the merchants; all at once he throws himself on his horse and gallops off by the gate Djem-Djem.

SIDI NOUMAN.

And the slave-merchant—which is he?

BABA MUSTAPHA.

Your highness, I believe it's old Abou Taher; he who yesterday sold you the beautiful Mojana.

SIDI NOUMAN.

Have you been to speak to him?

BABA MUSTAPHA.

I could not find him—he was with the Miramolin.

SIDI NOUMAN.

What is the reason of this sudden flight? what can have happened to Zeïn?

BABA MUSTAPHA.

As he went out by the gate Djem-Djem, I suppose he is gone to the lands of Semelalia, to the army of the Vizier.

SIDI NOUMAN.

What! can he have been to fight the infidels, without having embraced his friend?

BABA MUSTAPHA.

If you like, I'll return to Abou Taher.

SIDI NOUMAN.

Presently.—But have you carried Mojana the presents I purchased for her?

BABA MUSTAPHA.

Yes, your highness, and I dressed her myself in her new habit. Allah! how beautiful she was! I have seen many fine women in the course of my life, but never one equal to Mojana. Ah! If you wished to sell her again, you would still get your ten thousand dinars, (1) in spite of her having yesterday lost the quality you so much esteem.

SIDI NOUMAN.

Never will I sell her, Mustapha—and if my lord the Caliph demanded her, I would refuse him,—were I to take refuge amongst the Bedouins of Zeïn, and live excommunicated. Did she appear satisfied with my presents? (3)

BABA MUSTAPHA.

She said, she rejoiced to possess such beautiful things, if they made her more amiable in your eyes.

SIDI NOUMAN.

Charming creature!

BABA MUSTAPHA.

What a difference between our women and those of the infidel! When I was a prisoner at Leon, I saw the women, and their manners. With us they are all submission, zealous to please their lords—two eunuchs can govern twenty of them; but go amongst the Spaniards—one woman governs twenty men.

SIDI NOUMAN.

Bring sherbet and fruit, and let Mojana come hither to keep me company.

BABA MUSTAPHA.

I fly, my Lord! [*Exit.*

SIDI NOUMAN.

Zeïn, you will be for ever a Bedouin! Constantly occupied with the idea of the moment, he forgets his friends, and their invitations, to follow some wild caprice. The fancy may have seized him to break

a lance with some Christian knight.—Allah protect him!

BABA MUSTAPHA (*entering*).

My lord, your highness's friend Zeïn dismounted this moment at the gate. By Allah! I fear some misfortune has happened him, for Abjer is without his beautiful broidered saddle: perhaps——

Enter ZEÏN, *dressed very simply.*

SIDI NOUMAN.

Zeïn-Ben-Humeida, may God be with you!

ZEÏN.

And with thee, Sidi Nouman! Have you five thousand dinars to lend me?

SIDI NOUMAN.

Yes; do you want them immediately?

ZEÏN.

As soon as possible.

SIDI NOUMAN (*giving a key to Mustapha*).

Mustapha!

BABA MUSTAPHA.

Instantly. [*Goes out.*

SIDI NOUMAN.

You have been at the tents of the Vizier?—The Bédouin is already weary of Cordova?

ZEÏN.

An affair of moment carried me to the army. I have turned trader, Sidi Nouman, though like a Bedouin, perhaps.

SIDI NOUMAN.

Have you attacked a caravan?

ZEÏN.

From the time I entered into the service of Abderame those exploits of the desert were forgotten. I have sold my horses and my jewels to make up a sum.

SIDI NOUMAN.

Why not apply to me?

ZEÏN.

I thought of it, but rather too late.

SIDI NOUMAN.

If I am not mistaken, you have sold almost every thing, even the jewels of your khandjar? (4)

ZEÏN.

Yes, and all my horses except Abjer, who, as long as I live, shall share my last morsel of bread. But tell me whether I have been cheated: the mounting of the poniard given me by our glorious Caliph—how much was it worth?

SIDI NOUMAN.

From nine to ten thousand dinars, perhaps more.

ZEÏN.

Ten thousand bastinadoes to the dog of a Jew! May Nékir(5) with his scythe cut him into ten thousand pieces! I swear by the holy Casba the prohibited, and by the tombs of the prophets, to cut(6) off

the heads of twelve Jews, in the first Spanish town I enter.

SIDI NOUMAN.

By your anger, one can see you have made a bad bargain.

ZEÏN.

He gave me fifteen hundred dinars.

SIDI NOUMAN.

Are you a fool, Bedouin, to traffic with a Jew?

ZEÏN.

I must have had money at any rate. Passing through the Bezestein,[7] I saw that old rascal Abou Taher who was setting up slaves to sell. One of them struck me, for whom he demanded nine thousand dinars. Sidi Nouman, till that moment, I would have called him fool who paid more for a woman than a war-horse—but how the sight of this creature has changed my sentiments!—almost would I have exchanged Abjer for this charmer—this houri escaped from Paradise! I thought it better, however, to hasten to Semelalia, where I sold all I possessed, except my arms and my horse Abjer, and yet could scrape together only four thousand dinars! —I count upon you for the rest.

SIDI NOUMAN.

Ah! ah! ah! son of the desert, are you caught at last? How well in that I recognise my Bedouin, who acts before he thinks! Miserable! you buy a

slave, though not a dinar remains upon which to exist? How will you contrive to maintain her and Abjer?

ZEÏN.

I never thought of it—but have I not a friend?

SIDI NOUMAN.

Yes, who will think for you; you must have ten thousand dinars instead of five—they will be here immediately.

ZEÏN.

I thank you, brother; you never cease covering me with favours.

SIDI NOUMAN.

Ah, Zeïn! I shall be always in arrears with you! Do you remember how we became acquainted?

ZEÏN.

Yes! well enough.

SIDI NOUMAN.

Finding myself somewhat embarrassed to pursue my pilgrimage to Mecca, you poured the whole contents of your water bottle[8] over me, not keeping a drop for yourself—what must you have suffered!

ZEÏN.

We Arabs can endure more than you lords who dwell in cities—besides, you were stretched upon the sand, abandoned, and black as a dried scorpion: what mussulman would not have acted in the same manner?

BABA MUSTAPHA *(entering).*

Your highness, the five thousand dinars are in bags, under the vestibule—if you wish to count them, I——

ZEÏN.

No, no! get me an ass to carry them, and take care to reckon out as many more. You shall have a hundred for yourself. [*Exit.*

SIDI NOUMAN.

Mustapha!

BABA MUSTAPHA.

My Lord!

SIDI NOUMAN.

Let another slave execute Zeïn's orders—go you conduct Mojana hither. Poor Zeïn! this new amour has turned his head—Exchange Abjer against a woman!—she must have made a wonderful impression upon him! Woe be to him, who should venture to outbid him! Zeïn has sold the jewels of his khandjar, but the blade yet remains. *(Enter Mojana conducted by Mustapha.)* Approach, queen of beauty! Remove that envious veil—here is none but your lord to contemplate your charms.

MOJANA *(taking off her veil).*

What would my lion?

SIDI NOUMAN.

Come hither, Mojana, seat yourself by my side

on this sofa,—slave, serve the collation. Well, Mojana, are you satisfied with the dresses I sent you?

MOJANA.

My lord, you have covered your humble slave with your gifts—she has not words to express her gratitude.

SIDI NOUMAN.

In a short time you shall have something better than those trifles.

MOJANA.

Ah! my lord, I am sufficiently happy in possessing your affections.

SIDI NOUMAN.

Amiable child! I am rich and powerful—my riches and power both are yours; form but a wish, and your desires shall be fulfilled.

MOJANA.

Ah! my lion, dare I demand a favour before I have merited it?

SIDI NOUMAN.

Ask, and you shall have—demand not, however, Abjer, the horse of my friend Zeïn.

MOJANA.

My lord, your slave is so happy with her lion that she has but one desire. I was born in a country far, I believe, from this, near a town called Damas. My father was a merchant—but, because he did not go to Mecca, according to his vow, Alla withdrew

his favour from him. In a single year he lost all his property—my mother died—my brother was killed by the Kurds—and my father was forced to sell me[9] to support himself and my three sisters. Permit me, my lord, to send them a part of your presents, that they may partake of the happiness you have bestowed upon me.

SIDI NOUMAN.

What an excellent heart!—Is that all you ask? Your family shall remove to Cordova, and I'll marry your sisters splendidly had they but a small part of your beauty.

MOJANA.

I humbly thank my lord.

ZEÏN (*behind the scenes*).

Retire slave, or I kill you!

SIDI NOUMAN.

Who dares enter here?—Mojana, your veil.

Enter ZEÏN, *a poniard in his hand.—Mojana conceals herself behind the sofa.*

SIDI NOUMAN.

Is it Zeïn enters thus, when his friend is with his slave?

ZEÏN.

Sidi Nouman, when I bestowed upon you the hospitality of my humble tent, did I save a crocodile, destined one day to destroy me and to smile at the deed?[10]

SIDI NOUMAN.

What do you mean, Zeïn?

ZEÏN.

What has emboldened you to insult Zeïn, son of Amrou, (11) Schieck of the Humeidas?

SIDI NOUMAN.

Ah! which of us two is insulted?

ZEÏN.

Crafty Moor! why offer me your gold?—you have plundered me of that I esteem more than all the treasures of the Caliph.

SIDI NOUMAN.

I!——

ZEÏN.

Have you not purchased Abou Taher's slave?

SIDI NOUMAN.

What are your rights over her?

ZEÏN (*raising his poniard*).

You shall soon see.

MOJANA (*throwing herself between them—her veil falls.*)

Hold, wretch! kill me first.

SIDI NOUMAN.

You are mad, Zeïn!—Raise your poniard against Sidi Nouman!—What have I done?—were not my rights over this slave equal to yours?—have I not purchased her with my money?—and is it my fault you were so slow in concluding your bargain?

ZEÏN *(regarding Mojana with a wild air.)*

You are right.

SIDI NOUMAN.

See then the extravagance of your passion! Had not this slave thrown herself between us, you would have killed Sidi Nouman!

ZEÏN.

Never could I kill you! Gabriël covers you with his bucklers—you are his favourite—but I am devoted to Eblis.[12]

SIDI NOUMAN.

Zeïn, I pardon you, but——

ZEÏN.

Fool!—*(regarding Mojana.)*—Order this woman to replace her veil, or I can't answer for myself.—— Nouman, I pray you pardon me. The Simoûn[13] is not more burning and impetuous than the love of an Arab.

SIDI NOUMAN.

You are greatly agitated.

ZEÏN.

Listen! when I saved your life, you told me to make a request, and that you would grant it. Have I yet demanded any thing? Speak!

SIDI NOUMAN.

No.

ZEÏN.

Give me this woman!

SIDI NOUMAN.

Are you aware how much I love her?

ZEÏN.

Do you love like me? Would you act thus for her? (*Piercing his arm with his poniard.*) (14)

SIDI NOUMAN.

Ferocious tiger! what could you do with this timid fawn?

ZEÏN.

Come!

SIDI NOUMAN.

I cannot.

ZEÏN.

In the desert we respect our oaths!

SIDI NOUMAN.

Take all I have—I give you all.

ZEÏN.

Pleasant exchange!—and it is to Zeïn you propose it—to Zein, who gave the old El-Faradje the entire booty of the tribe of Zinebis, for my steed Abjer alone. Well, I, Zein, offer you both Abjer and the khandjar of Amrou, in exchange for this slave.

SIDI NOUMAN (*in a suppliant tone*).

Zeïn!——

ZEÏN.

Have you not sworn by Casba the prohibited—by the tombs of the prophets—by your sabre—to grant my first demand?

SIDI NOUMAN.

What would you do in my place?

ZEÏN.

What would I do?

SIDI NOUMAN.

Yes, Zeïn, you!

ZEÏN.

I—I would kill you! Draw your khandjar!

SIDI NOUMAN.

Me—I cannot draw upon him who saved my life in the desert. Listen, Bedouin—there is a mode of arrangement—Let Mojana choose her master.—If she prefers you, she is your's.

ZEÏN.

Is that fulfilling your engagement?

SIDI NOUMAN.

Choose, Mojana.

MOJANA.

Shall I hesitate between my best beloved, and this ferocious savage? Oh! my lord, never will your slave cease to adore you.—*(Throws herself into the arms of Sidi Nouman.)*

SIDI NOUMAN.

Ah, Mojana!—Zeïn, would you deprive me of a slave who loves me so tenderly?

ZEÏN.

You are made for each other.—Unhappy wretch that I am! My birth was the cause of my mother's

death. At twelve years of age, I struck out my brother's eye with an arrow; and now, to-day, I would have killed my friend! I have reproached him with a kindness! Oh! how unworthy an Arab! —Adieu, Sidi Nouman.

SIDI NOUMAN.

Zeïn, demand what is in my power to give.

ZEÏN.

I want nothing—I return to my tents in the desert.

SIDI NOUMAN.

Remain with your friend.

ZEÏN.

Impossible!

SIDI NOUMAN.

Why do you fly me?

ZEÏN.

Some day, perhaps, I should kill you.—I know myself but too well.

SIDI NOUMAN.

You have a right to my life; I deserve all your anger.

ZEÏN.

What! has a woman made you faithless to your oath?—has she almost made me an assassin!—And yet, to possess a few camels, how many widows and orphans have I made!

SIDI NOUMAN.

Remain with me, or I'll follow you to the desert.

ZEÏN.

This slave—would she accompany you?

SIDI NOUMAN.

I have a sister, Zeïn, who is beautiful: I will give her——

ZEÏN.

Brother, order your slave to take off her veil, that I may see her once more before my departure.

SIDI NOUMAN.

Mojana, do as he desires.—Cast a look of affection on Zeïn, for he is my friend.

ZEÏN.

Sidi Nouman, that Alla—hold—fight—the sabre must decide!

SIDI NOUMAN.

Ah! your frenzy returned!—Retire, Mojana.

ZEÏN *(placing himself before the door).*

Stop, Mojana.—(*To Sidi Nouman*) Perjured coward!—infamous traitor!—You shall not escape me!

SIDI NOUMAN.

Unhappy Zeïn! what are you doing?

ZEÏN.

The woman is mine.—What matters it to me whether she loves or detests you? I have mastered many fierce stallions: and shall I not subdue this

she-colt? Mojana, follow your master, or off goes your head.

MOJANA.

Defend me, my lord!

SIDI NOUMAN.

Stop!

ZEÏN.

Out with your sabre!

SIDI NOUMAN.

You can't defend yourself—your hand trembles.

ZEÏN (*wounding him*).

What think you of that blow?

SIDI NOUMAN (*striking him*).

And of this——

ZEÏN (*on the ground*).

Rejoice, Cordovian! you have struck down the heir of Yémén.

SIDI NOUMAN.

Wretch! I have killed the preserver of my life!

ZEÏN.

And I have drawn upon my guest!—I, Schieck of the tribe of Humeidas the hospitable!—Allah! Allah! thou art just!

SIDI NOUMAN.

What torments do I not deserve! I have broken the oath sworn by Cuaba the prohibited—and have murdered my friend!

MOJANA.

My lord——

SIDI NOUMAN.

Miserable!—'tis you have killed him—you are no woman, but some evil spirit—Eblis himself![15]

ZEÏN.

Eblis—he awaits me! Adieu, brother.—Abjer—forget him not!—A negress of Dongola is with child by me. [*Dies.*

SIDI NOUMAN.

My brother! Zeïn, Zeïn!

MOJANA.

My lord, permit your slave——

SIDI NOUMAN (*striking her with his poniard*).

There, wretch! the blood of Zeïn mingles with thine. Come, Zeïn, we are friends.—The woman is dead!—Zeïn, Zeïn! You don't answer, my brother?

MUSTAPHA (*entering*).

My lord, supper is ready—and the piece finished!

SIDI NOUMAN.

Ah! that's another thing. [*All rise.*

MOJANA.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—

Thus finishes African Love; a Comedy, or, if you will, a Tragedy, as the phrase runs at present. You are about to exclaim, "The two gentlemen were very ungallant!"—Agreed: and our author was wrong

not to have made his Bedouin more a Spaniard in his sentiments.—To this he presumes to reply, by pretending that the Bedouins are not in the habit of going to Madrid to learn to distinguish between persons; and, that their love partakes of the burning heat of the Sahara. What think you of the argument?—Just what you please:—but excuse the faults of the author.

NOTES.

(1) The word Sidi, before a proper name, denotes a Mussulman who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca.

(2) I leave it to the learned to determine the value of the dinar.

(3) The Caliphs united the temporal and spiritual authorities; the disobedient were cut off from the djemeat, or excommunicated.

(4) Poniard.

(5) One of the Angels of Death.

(6) Place to which the Mussulmen address their prayers: it is a square house, said to have been built by Abraham.

(7) Market.

(8) Mode of resuscitating travellers overcome by the heat of the desert.

(9) See Mr. Otter's Travels to Mount Libanus.

(10) Allusion to an Arab superstition.

(11) Chief of a tribe.

(12) The Devil.

(13) South-wind in the desert (see Travels of Ali Bey).

(14) See Lady M. W. Montague's Letters.

(15) Evil Genius—a kind of Medusa.

END.

INES MENDO;

OR,

PREJUDICE VANQUISHED.

A COMEDY.

" Séase ella senoria, y venga lo que viniere."

DON QUIXOTE, Part ii. chap. i.

ADVERTISEMENT.

This strange comedy was composed by Clara Gazul, at the request of one of her friends—a lady, who was passionately attached to moving and improbable stories. The author, who studied to imitate the old Spanish comic writers, has by no means endeavoured to avoid their usual faults—such as too great rapidity of action, and imperfect development. We are indebted to her, also, for not having copied the style *culto*, so fatiguing to readers of the present age.

Finally, Clara Gazul's intention in composing this comedy, was only to make a kind of prologue for the second part, or the Triumph of Prejudice.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE KING.
DON LUIS DE MENDOZA.
DON ESTEBAN (his Son).
DON CARLOS.
CURATE OF MONCLAR.
JUAN MENDO.
A NOTARY.
A CLERK.
POLICE OFFICERS—PEASANTS.
INES MENDO. (1)

The Scene is at Monclar in Galicia, 1640.(2)

INES MENDO;

OR,

PREJUDICE VANQUISHED.

FIRST PART.

SCENE I.

MENDO—THE CURATE.

MENDO.

When I hear of a theft or a murder, I become pale in spite of myself, as if I were the guilty person. At present my hands are free from blood; but, if at some future period——

CURATE.

Thank God the inhabitants of our village are harmless, honest people: it is now more than ten years since a crime has been committed in Monclar.

MENDO.

No matter—this horrible idea presents itself continually to my mind; each night the same dream breaks in upon my slumbers.—I imagine myself in the middle of the market-place; at my feet is a youth,

his eyes bound, his hands clasped in prayer: the Alcade presents me the axe, and says, "Strike!"

CURATE.

Prayer, Mendo, will free you from these visions. When I first took orders, I used to see in my dreams the figure of my cousin, who intreated me to throw aside my religious habit, and fly with her to America. Fasting and prayer have banished for ever these vain shadows.

MENDO.

Ah! never will they abandon me!

CURATE.

Reflect, Mendo, how much more unhappy you might be. An inquisitor who condemns a man on slight grounds—think you he is more at his ease than thou? The judge who signs the death-warrant—does his conscience leave him to repose? Yet he has neglected no means of instructing himself in the merits of the case. How difficult it is to discover the truth! God alone knows who is innocent, and who is guilty. You are disquieted, you say, about the judgment men may form of you;—but you live retired, and are little known—few of the villagers are old enough to remember the profession of your father.

MENDO.

Ah! sir, my father!

CURATE.

The Alcade and myself are, I imagine, the only

persons aware that an unjust law obliges you to assume your father's calling: but were its badge, the badge of a profession declared by mankind infamous, fixed upon your forehead, even then, Mendo, you should offer up your griefs to the Most High; glorify his name; and wait patiently till he deigned to take you to himself. Excommunicated on earth, you will become after death an associate of the elect. You do not dread distinctions of rank in heaven?

MENDO.

There is my only consolation.

CURATE.

You have no son, so at least you will not leave behind you a being destined to be unhappy. You ought to thank Heaven for this.

MENDO.

But my daughter—my poor Ines—the ignominy of my name will attach to her!—Alas! she does not yet know this horrible secret; shall I ever be able to confess it? I ought to place her in a convent: but would she find an asylum there?

CURATE.

Yes, Mendo, she will there find a spouse who more highly esteems a single pure heart than a thousand unstained escutcheons. Adieu! I must carry some relief to a sick person, by order of the Count de Mendoza.

MENDO.

Ah! the noblest, the best of men. You know that lord, great as he is, deigns to visit me; a favour he does not grant even to the Alcade. Should he come to know——

CURATE.

Don't be uneasy.—However, for prudence sake, I advise you to avoid too great familiarity with him.—Adieu! . . . [*Exit.*

MENDO.

Your most humble servant.—Disgraced, driven from society—none will breathe a *requiescat-in-pace* over my tomb.—An assassin would be more fortunate!—And what have I done to deserve my fate? The scripture says, "The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father."(1)

INES *(entering)*.

Good morning, papa.

MENDO.

Good morning, my child—you have an air of embarrassment, as if there was something you wished ask to me.

INES.

Papa——

MENDO.

Come, speak.

INES.

Only, papa, that, as every thing is arranged in the

house, I should like to take a walk towards the Moor's-bank, if you will give me leave.

MENDO.

Is it to walk alone?

INES.

Papa,—Don Esteban——

MENDO.

Listen, Ines—Go if you wish. I speak to you as a friend; as your father, I might command. We are poor and of low birth—he whom you are going to see is rich and noble.—Remember the fable of the pot of earth and the pot of iron.

INES.

And yet Esteban's father—(*correcting herself*) Don Esteban, I mean—Don Luis, is such an excellent person!—He comes often to see you—you know the affection he has for you.

MENDO.

Don Luis, who has been about a month in this country, and lives like ourselves at a distance from the village, finding no human being except myself within his reach, is obliged to visit us. As for Don Esteban, you are the only woman in the neighbourhood not absolutely black; and it is not extraordinary that he should evince a liking for you: but beware—were the only distinction between us that of rank, Ines Mendo could never become the wife of Esteban de Mendoza. You don't desire

to become his mistress.—Shun then all connexion with the family, except as far as politeness requires.

INES.

Don Luis always says that, Count though he be, he cares not for nobility, and has as much esteem for a worthy honest peasant, as for a grandee of Spain.

MENDO.

All that is fine talk; but when the question is to put it into practice, one soon forgets such pretty theories.

INES.

Don Esteban is a baron, and an officer in the guards.—Well, he says a peer may marry a citizen, because he ennobles her, and that the alliance does not corrupt his blood. Besides, we all descend from Adam, as the Curate says—it is only our professions which make the difference. His grandfather was chevalier—and mine—papa, what was my grandfather?

MENDO.

My father!—he—he was of the same calling as myself.

INES.

Dear papa! I see you are grieved. If you really wish it, I will see Esteban no more: but, my good

papa, I beg of you, let me bring him to you for to-day only; he has something to tell you.

MENDO.

It is for your good I speak; you must cease to see him.

INES.

He loves me so much.

MENDO.

You think so! poor Ines!

INES.

I am certain of it, papa.

MENDO.

Why?

INES.

Suppose he wished to marry me?

MENDO.

Ah!

INES.

Were he to tell you so?

MENDO.

Nonsense!

INES.

Here comes Don Luis.

Enter DON LUIS.

DON LUIS.

Good day, neighbour—Good day, my dear child. Leave us alone a moment, and go into the garden, where you will find company.

MENDO.

Ines!

DON LUIS.

Be silent; I wish her to go. You will remain; we must talk on a subject of which as yet you can have no idea. [*Ines goes out.*] But first let me scold you. Are you not a singular man, Mendo? you are the only friend we have in the country, and yet you never come to see us!

MENDO.

Excuse me, my lord; a poor peasant, such as I am, is not fit company for a person of your quality.

DON LUIS.

All nonsense! Count though I be, I care no more for nobility than I do for my old boots. Suppose I prefer your society to a grandee's—what answer have you to that?—Besides, are we not indebted to you? when our mules were hurrying us over the precipice, you caught them by the bridle and saved us.

MENDO.

All the world would have done the same thing.

DON LUIS.

Perhaps so; but listen—I am not proud; I am a philosopher—I have read the ancients. Let me tell you, my friend, men are fools with their prejudices about nobility. The house of Mendoza is one of the most ancient in Spain.—Well! it would be

quite equal to me to be called Juan Mendo, as Don Luis de Mendoza.

MENDO.

What! Juan Mendo?

DON LUIS.

In truth, Mendo sounds ill in comparison to Mendoza. Mendo—Mendoza—Ah! the *za* has some merit. But a truce with names; let us come to business. You know my son—a charming youth, is he not? full of spirit and talent, an officer of the Guards, and in the high road of promotion. He might have married a daughter of the Duke of Bevar:—not a family of yesterday, that of Bevar!—You understand?

MENDO.

One must be blind not to admire the qualities of the Baron de Mendoza.

DON LUIS.

For myself, I am a philosopher.—What is birth, I often say? What merit have I, that Providence should have made me Count de Mendoza, grandee of the first class, commander of Alcantara? I don't esteem myself the more for it. These sentiments I have drawn from the ancients.—Ah! Seneca!

MENDO.

I don't see——

DON LUIS.

In a word, I must tell you that——Nay, but

guess;—my son loves, and wishes to marry—your daughter.

MENDO.

My daughter!

DON LUIS.

I was at first opposed to it, but he was so much in love; and as an inferior match on the side of the man is not of much importance, and that the Mendozas have, thank God, birth enough to ennoble two families—why I have consented, and am come to appoint a day with you for the marriage. Ha! what do you think of that?

MENDO.

Good God, my lord, what a stain on your family!

DON LUIS.

Pooh! don't the male ennoble? Besides, observe, I have a regard for you. Then, there are many other reasons.—First, I am a philosopher; secondly, the Duke de Medina Sidonia has defied me to give my son to a citizen's daughter, and I wish to shew him that I am a philosopher in practice; then, again, the king has lately given a government to Don Rodrigo Bacheco, who is circumstanced similarly with my son. Besides——

MENDO.

My lord, it cannot be; are you aware who I am?

DON LUIS.

By Heavens, the most obstinate man on earth.

MENDO.

A Mendoza ally himself to a ——!

DON LUIS.

A peasant: that is our affair, is it not? Answer.

MENDO.

Don Luis, I respect—permit me even to say, love you—but we must see each other no more.

DON LUIS.

He is mad!

MENDO.

I cannot explain my motives; but believe me they are just.

DON LUIS.

By all the devils! What! my son loves your daughter; his passion is returned; he wishes to marry her; I give my consent; and you, instead of thanking us for the honour we confer upon you—refuse! Perhaps we are too poor—not of sufficient rank?

MENDO.

Ines knows well herself, that——

DON LUIS.

To her then I shall refer: if she says yes, you consent, won't you?

MENDO *(in thought)*.

Yes, she must be told—she is my daughter, and

has a greater claim than a stranger to know my secrets.

DON LUIS.

Ah! your secrets! you have secrets have you?—Something horrible, no doubt. How many men have you murdered?

MENDO.

My lord!

DON LUIS.

Pardon me, my dear friend! I know you are a brave, worthy fellow, and an excellent father. I love your profession: the agriculturists are the life of us gentlemen—besides, are we not all children of Adam, as Seneca says?

MENDO.

My lord, I regret extremely, but it is impossible—

DON LUIS.

Ah! you have stept in. I quit you for the present—but remember, you have promised to leave your daughter entirely free.

MENDO.

She shall decide for herself.

DON LUIS *(aside)*.

You are caught! Adieu!—By the way, no threats! don't frighten the girl—tell her—but I'll do it myself. You deserve to be laughed at for your ridiculous fancies.

MENDO.

She won't hesitate a moment.

DON LUIS.

We shall see. Adieu, Juan Mendo! I never saw your equal. [*Exit.*

MENDO.

My lord, your lordship's most humble servant.—Who would have thought it! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Valley.

DON ESTEBAN—DON CARLOS, *meeting.*

DON ESTEBAN.

Don Carlos! you here, my dear Captain?

DON CARLOS.

Do I deceive myself? the Baron de Mendoza in this desert!

DON ESTEBAN.

What the devil brings you here? I thought you would never quit the pleasures of Madrid.

DON CARLOS.

I love the chace, and am on leave of absence with my father, who is Alcade of this rascally hole, called Monclar;—and you—what are you doing here?

DON ESTEBAN.

My story is the same. My father has just bought

an estate in this neighbourhood.—Have you killed any thing?

DON CARLOS.

No, I have not fired a shot! I have just dismissed my equipage. To tell you the truth, I was well enough pleased to stroll a little in this quarter.

DON ESTEBAN.

Ah! why?

DON CARLOS.

I pursue game which you love much, my dear Baron. Come, a wager that—some intrigue has brought you to this newly-purchased estate!

DON ESTEBAN.

In truth, no—what a strange supposition!

DON CARLOS.

Listen then. Three days ago, on coming to this execrable hole, I remarked a charming peasant girl who lives in the neighbourhood. Hold! do you see that house at a distance? it is there she lives.

DON ESTEBAN.

Mendo's cottage!

DON CARLOS.

A delicious girl, my dear Baron, though daughter of a husbandman, as it would appear;—a beautiful shape, her eyes and hair jet-black, hands passable—there, however, is her weak side. All things considered, I am determined to have her.

DON ESTEBAN.

Captain, the person of whom you speak is not one of those who are so easy to be had.

DON CARLOS.

A peasant girl!

DON ESTEBAN.

Peasant or not, I beg you will sport in another direction.

DON CARLOS.

Ah! ah! to all appearance then you have the priority. Be it so—but two persons may very well course the same hare.

DON ESTEBAN.

A truce to pleasantry! Learn, sir, that this peasant girl, at whose expense you are so jocular, will to-morrow be my wife.

DON CARLOS.

Your wife!

DON ESTEBAN.

Yes, sir—my wife.

DON CARLOS.

Hah! hah! hah! the joke is excellent! How I admire the gravity of your air! Well, now, you know that, between friends, one makes over these conquests after a fortnight's enjoyment!

DON ESTEBAN.

Once more, sir (I speak very seriously), pray,

from this moment, regard Ines Mendo as the Baroness de Mendoza.

DON CARLOS.

A peasant girl the Baroness de Mendoza! Excellent!—well played! Support your character!—Observe that hypocritical air!

DON ESTEBAN.

Will you be quiet?

DON CARLOS.

After the honeymoon you will be more tractable. I may have her then!—hah! hah! hah!

DON ESTEBAN *(striking him).*

There is a proof I speak seriously.

DON CARLOS *(drawing his sword).*

I shall chastise your insolence.—*(They fight—Don Carlos is killed.)*

DON ESTEBAN.

There, you will banter no more. Now, let me look to myself.—In Provence they are so strangely severe in these sort of affairs. I shall take refuge at Madrid; but I must first bid adieu to Ines. My father will bring her to the capital, and my marriage will be delayed but a day or two.

[*He goes out—two* PEASANTS *enter.*

FIRST PEASANT.

They are as thick as vermin at present; all the disbanded soldiers become thieves—for my part, I don't fear them.—The other day I made two take to

their heels, whom I met near Navaga towards the fall of the evening:—I was cutting wood, when, behold ye, one of these rascals lying flat upon the ground—*(He stumbles over the body.)*—Take my money, gentlemen, but spare my life!

SECOND PEASANT.

Fool! here is a man who will harm no one. My God, it's the captain, the son of our Alcade.

FIRST PEASANT.

What a hole he has in the middle of his belly!

SECOND PEASANT.

Hold, hold! do you see that man there endeavouring to escape? He is the assassin, no doubt of it. If we arrest him, we shall have a large reward from the Alcade.

FIRST PEASANT.

I'll raise the hue and cry in the village.

SECOND PEASANT.

No; remain with the body—I'll pursue the murderer.

FIRST PEASANT.

Make haste, then; I don't like being long near a dead man.

SCENE III.

Mendo's Cottage.

MENDO *(alone)*.

This walk was necessary to refresh my spirits, and

prepare me for the last sacrifice. I must speak—fool that I was! I thought to hide my position from her. Her head is filled with ridiculous fancies, which will render her for ever unhappy. I am to blame; her education has nourished these illusions. She ought to have been placed in a convent from her earliest infancy.—True, she would never have known her father—what of that? She would have embraced a religious life, knowing of none more pleasing or more happy.—But now look at her—given up to a foolish passion, which it would break her heart to forbid.—Ah! I have acted very wrong—my daughter was the only friend I could have in the world; I wanted courage to separate myself from her.—Poor child! it is absolutely necessary she should know the truth! to delay longer would be too dangerous. She will feel that there is no resource but in a convent. Here she comes.—Courage, Mendo!

INES.

Papa, I have been very naughty.—Don Esteban has just left me; we have been walking together.—Don Luis joined us, and was so amiable! and pleased me so much! Esteban said he wished we were married.—Don Luis replied, that you had promised I should act as I pleased.—Is that true, papa? or was it only a joke? My dear papa, I love you so much! do you know he forced me to accept

a bride's ring!—At first I did not like to take it—it was so fine—but Don Luis insisted upon it.—There it is—how it shines!

MENDO.

Listen to me, Ines; I am about to speak to you, perhaps, for the last time.

INES.

Bah!

MENDO.

Ines—a man who kills his fellow-creature is a detestable being; every one ought to hate him.

INES.

Certainly, papa!

MENDO.

But if he is forced to it by others?

INES.

How, forced?—it would be better to be killed one's-self than kill another.

MENDO *(after a short silence)*.

So you have consented to marry Don Esteban! His family is one of the most illustrious in Spain; his origin goes up to the times of King Pelagus.—All the noblesse of Castile are connected with him, and he has numerous friends among the high nobility. Think you he will not suffer when his relations and friends rally him on his ill-assorted marriage? You say you love him—can you endure that he should undergo continual slights in society on account of his wife?

INES.

That was for him to think of. I am descended from honest peasants and old Christians. There are many duchesses, Esteban tells me, whose family hundred years ago were wretched Moors. Besides, when he began to court me, I told him to go to the great ladies and leave us poor peasants alone.—But he has shewn such an affection for me! such love! I am certain he would be happier with me than with one of the infantas of Arragon.

MENDO.

This marriage will destroy his prospects—have you thought of that, Ines?

INES.

He is wealthy; and were it otherwise, he thinks, like me, that love is before riches.

MENDO.

Ines Mendo espouse a Mendoza!—the daughter of a labourer and a grandee of Spain!

INES.

The infant Don Pedro married the daughter of a labourer—her name, too, was Ines.(1)

MENDO.

A happy marriage, was it not? Ines was the daughter—Don Pedro—are you quite sure that I am a husbandman?

INES.

Certainly you are!

MENDO.

No, Ines, you——

INES.

What is the matter, father? you are ill! I afflict you! is there any blot in our family? perhaps my grandpapa did something naughty—

MENDO.

Why not your father?

INES.

Impossible!

MENDO.

'Tis true, Ines.

INES.

Jesu Maria! but I won't believe it; you only say so to frighten me—to make me give up this marriage. —Supposing it true, what crime could you have committed, that the Christian life you lead would not expiate? You are stricter on yourself than a monk.

MENDO.

Poor Ines! the stain which is attached to me will quit you but with your life. I am guilty of no crime, yet every man would shudder to become my friend. Ines! they have forced me to follow the profession of my father—I am the executioner of Monclar! [*Rushes out.*

INES.

Esteban is lost to me.—My poor papa! how I

pity you.—Where is he? he was here just now—am I in a dream? I thought he spoke to me but a a little while since.—The door shut!—Ah! I remember! Father! father! return and embrace your child. My life shall be passed in consoling you—he don't hear me.—Papa! papa!—oh, God! I shall go mad—will he too abandon me? Ah! Esteban, Esteban! have I lost you for ever? But an hour ago I was so happy! and in a moment I am become the most wretched of women!—Married! alas! I must hide my head in some convent.—He shall know all! I'll conceal nothing from him.—Yet how confess to him!—Esteban, I am the daughter of—— Oh, never! I dare not. But it must be done—otherwise he will return, and that would grieve me still more. I'll write to him.—A convent—yes! I'll take the veil, and offer up my prayers to God to bless him. Must I lose him for ever? I must.—Courage, Ines!—My tears have relieved me.—Yes, now I can write to him.—(*Enter* MENDO, *with a bag of money.)* Papa!

MENDO.

Ines, this money belongs to you; it was your mother's—it will be sufficient to establish you in the retreat you may choose.

INES.

Oh, papa! don't command me to leave you. I

have lost Esteban: would you deprive me of my father? Let me be your friend, your consoler.

MENDO.

That such a wretch should be her father!

INES.

God preserve you to me many years!

MENDO.

You see how necessary it is to renounce your lover.—Have you the courage to write to him, giving him back his promise?

INES.

Yes, papa, I feel I ought to do so.

MENDO.

Sooner or later they will know the truth from the Alcade, or some other person. Don Esteban is a noble youth; speak frankly, and tell him who you are.

INES.

What must I say?

MENDO.

Tell him that you were bred up in ignorance of your birth—that I alone am culpable. It is better he should learn it from us than from another.

INES.

Well! since it must be so——

MENDO.

Write immediately: I leave you to yourself.

[*He goes out.*

INES *(alone).*

How to begin!—Yes, I must declare the entire truth—it was he gave me this ink-stand!—(*She writes*) Perhaps he will pity me.—*(Regarding her ring)* Ah! my beloved ring, I hoped to preserve you whilst I lived—and must we so soon separate?—I am no longer worthy to wear you.—(*She kisses it.*)

DON ESTEBAN *enters.*

DON ESTEBAN.

Dear Ines, let me return you your kisses.

INES (*retiring hastily*).

Ah!

DON ESTEBAN.

My charming Ines, have I frightened you? take courage—'tis only I.

INES.

What! you!

DON ESTEBAN.

Your lover, who comes——

INES.

I have no lover now! you see a wretch you must abandon.

DON ESTEBAN.

Abandon thee, Ines!—Don't you know me?

INES.

My lord! in the name of Heaven leave me! leave me! We are——

DON ESTEBAN.

What's the matter? you will drive me to despair! why this fear? (*He advances towards her.*)

INES.

Touch me not; you will be contaminated!

DON ESTEBAN.

This infernal Mendo has worked upon her mind—that alone was wanting to complete my misery! Ines! no trifling—you love me then no longer?

INES.

Oh! if—it is too strong for me—but—hold! read this paper: and—leave me for ever!

DON ESTEBAN.

Why this dread of me?

INES.

I can no longer love you.

DON ESTEBAN.

Still these scruples?—You take pleasure in teasing me. There's to punish you.—(*Kisses her.*)

INES.

The fault is not mine; I could not inform you sooner. Read the letter.—(*He reads, tears the letter —Ines falls.*)

DON ESTEBAN (*raising her*).

Ines! are you hurt?

INES.

Ah! you call me still Ines—let me kiss your feet.

DON ESTEBAN.

Unfortunate child! why should you throw yourself at my feet?

INES.

I learned it but a little while ago—had I known it before, you should never have loved me.

DON ESTEBAN.

Dear Ines! shall I cease to love you? Are you not the same Ines who charmed me so deeply? Foolish prejudice, must I sacrifice my happiness to you? Shades of my ancestors! rather than renounce my love, I would fling your honours to the winds!

INES.

You don't despise me then!—I shall die of joy!

DON ESTEBAN.

I love, I esteem you as much as ever.

INES.

No! impossible! you cannot love me—you are a Mendoza.

DON ESTEBAN.

I am your lover; a title I prefer to that of a gentleman.

INES.

Ah! it is now I would wish to die. Never will I dishonour the person I love.

DON ESTEBAN.

Of what importance is the opinion of the world? Is it worth thy affection?—(*Perceiving that she bleeds*)

You bleed, my darling, and my violence is the cause.—Let me cure you, Ines, with kisses.

INES *(embracing him).*

Ah! I am too happy!

Enter a PEACE OFFICER, *with Peasants.*

OFFICER *(touching Don Esteban with his staff).*

In the King's name, my lord, you are my prisoner;—deliver up your sword!

DON ESTEBAN.

Canaille! away!—

OFFICER *(to his Men).*

Disarm him!—

INES.

Help! papa, help!—

DON ESTEBAN *(disarmed).*

Adieu, dear Ines! don't be afraid! it will be nothing. [*He is led out.*

INES.

Help! help! *(Swoons.)*

MENDO *enters, with a sword in his hand.*

What's the matter?

OFFICER.

Nothing more than the arrest of a murderer.

MENDO *(seeing Ines).*

My daughter!—

OFFICER.

The young lady was on the gentleman's knee when I came in—all very natural!—

MENDO.

Rascal!

OFFICER.

If you strike me, I shall report you to the Alcade. By the way, Mendo, you concealed from us that——

MENDO.

Leave the house!

OFFICER.

You will have work enough soon, Juan Mendo. Sharpen your axe—remember it's a point of honour that it don't miss—he is a gentleman!

[*Goes out laughing.*

MENDO.

Ho there! James. [*They carry out Ines.*

SCENE IV.

DON ESTEBAN *alone, reading his death-warrant.*

DON ESTEBAN.

On reflection, I am well pleased not to have seen Ines—her tears would unman me, and I have need of courage to-day. Often have I heard the enemy's balls whistle about my ears without fear; but there is something so revolting in the block and the axe! —Oh! that, at the last fatal moment, I may shew the firmness of a soldier I once saw walk to the gallows, singing!—*(He sings.)*—No—no swaggering; —firmness—resignation—besides, it would not be reputable to sing a false note at such a moment.

God grant I may die like a gentleman and a soldier!

Enter a NOTARY *and Witnesses.*

NOTARY.

My lord, I am the Notary you sent for, and here are two competent witnesses.

DON ESTEBAN.

Thank you: is there any news of my father?

NOTARY.

No, my lord; however, I hope he may be able to reach the King in time—his majesty can't be far from Monclar.

DON ESTEBAN.

Happen what may, I am prepared for the worst. Are you ready to draw up my will? it will not be long.

NOTARY.

I attend your leisure, my lord.—Your lordship's name?

DON ESTEBAN.

Esteban Sandoval, Baron de Mendoza, Captain in the Guards.

NOTARY *(writes).*

In the Guards—gives and bequeaths his soul to God——

DON ESTEBAN.

Is that the form?

NOTARY.

Yes; the protocol required by law.—

DON ESTEBAN.

Observe the forms of law as exactly as possible—I would not have the will set aside hereafter.

NOTARY.

Oh! you have nothing to fear in my hands: a notary of thirty years' standing don't leave flaws in an authentic document.

DON ESTEBAN.

So much the better—proceed.—I bequeath all my property——

NOTARY.

Moveable and immoveable?

DON ESTEBAN.

Yes!—to Ines Mendoza.

NOTARY.

Not so fast—let me describe a little the kind of property.

DON ESTEBAN.

Have you put——?

NOTARY.

Patience! let us forget nothing.—To whom do you bequeath your property?

DON ESTEBAN.

To Ines Mendoza, formerly Ines Mendo.

NOTARY.

Her titles?

DON ESTEBAN.

Wife of the Baron de Mendoza, and daughter of Juan Mendo, executioner of Monclar.

NOTARY.

—Good God! must I write that?

DON ESTEBAN.

I insist upon it.

NOTARY.

Legitimate wife?

DON ESTEBAN.

Yes—although our marriage was secret. *(Aside)* I shall not be damned for that lie.

NOTARY.

If, as you say, the marriage was secret—in your place, to avoid all difficulties, I would sign a recognitory act.

DON ESTEBAN.

Do what I tell you.

NOTARY.

It will be sufficient to insert it in the will.

DON ESTEBAN.

I desire, besides, that there be engraved on my tomb-stone, in the cemetery of the village how a Mendoza, in despite of prejudice, espoused the daughter of an executioner.

NOTARY.

The devil! Now, in your place, I would not give myself the trouble to have that engraved.

DON ESTEBAN.

Do as I order you!

NOTARY.

As you please! It's a disposition the Romans called *pœnæ nomine legatum.*

DON ESTEBAN.

I appoint my father executor.

NOTARY.

He is called——

DON ESTEBAN.

Don Luis, Count de Mendoza.

NOTARY.

If you have nothing more to add, let us proceed to signature.—*(Don Esteban, Notary, and Witnesses sign.)*

DON ESTEBAN.

I thank you, sir: my father will arrange with you. You will distribute the contents of this purse among the poor—recommend me to their prayers; and pray accept this ring in remembrance of the unfortunate Don Esteban.

NOTARY.

Ah! my lord how I wish——

Enter GAOLER *and Assistants.*

GAOLER.

My lord, it is with great regret——

DON ESTEBAN.

I understand you.—Adieu, gentlemen—give me your prayers.

NOTARY.

Softly, master gaoler; it is contrary to usage to proceed to execution so soon after sentence:—there is no haste, and the gentleman's father has appealed to his majesty.—The King will be here in a few hours:—attend his decision.

GAOLER.

The Alcade's orders are to proceed instantly to execution.

NOTARY.

It is illegal—I protest against it.

DON ESTEBAN.

It seems, Signior Melchior, the Alcade is somewhat less attached to forms than you are.

GAOLER.

My lord! [*They go out.*

SCENE V.

Market-place of Monclar.

Enter DON ESTEBAN, MENDO, *Assistants*, CURATE, *People, &c.*

CURATE (*to Don Esteban, who is on the scaffold*).

Adieu, my son! God will have pity on you! A few moments will set you free from the numerous calamities of this wretched world.

GOALER.

My lord, permit me to bind your eyes.

DON ESTEBAN.

I can look upon death without fear. Mendo, do your duty—well, if possible.—*(He kneels)*—Am I rightly placed?

GAOLER.

All right, my lord; God have mercy upon you!

THE PEOPLE.

Amen!

GAOLER *(to Mendo)*.

You hold the axe with your left hand.

MENDO.

I am no longer executioner. *(Cuts off his right hand.)*

INES *enters.*

INES.

Stop! *(rushing on the scaffold.)* We shall die together! You must kill your daughter with him!

MENDO *(shewing his arm)*.

Can I injure him now?

INES.

My father!—Esteban!—

GAOLER.

What is the meaning of all this?—*(Uproar—the People drive away the Gaoler and his Assistants; some press round Mendo.)*

Enter DON LUIS.

DON LUIS.

Pardon! pardon! Stop! thank God there is yet time *(embraces his son)*.

DON ESTEBAN.

Embrace my preserver—he cut off his hand rather than strike me.

DON LUIS.

Ah! Mendo! what is my nobility in comparison of an action such as your's? You are worthy to be a Roman.

(5) *Enter the* KING, *with Guards.*

THE PEOPLE.

Long live the King!

THE KING.

What means this tumult? Where is the Alcade? Don Luis, can you explain this? Every one speaks at once, so that I understand nothing of what is said. (*Don Luis addresses the King.*)

THE PEOPLE.

Pardon! pardon!

THE KING.

It is impossible not to admire such generosity—Juan Mendo, on your knee! Rise, Don Juan Mendo. Don Esteban, we pardon you, but on condition that you marry Mendo's daughter.

DON ESTEBAN.

It is my ardent desire!

INES (*to Esteban.*)

At length I may love you!

THE KING.

We shall sign the contract.—Thus, may prejudice

be destroyed throughout the whole extent of my empire!

INES.

So finishes the Comedy of Ines Mendo.—Excuse the faults of the author. Should this first part have pleased you, the author hopes you will give a favourable reception to the second, under the title of Triumph of Prejudice.

NOTES.

(1) Clara has given Ines a Galician patois. One feels how impossible it is to retain, in a translation, the slight difference of dialect which distinguishes many provinces of Spain. We shall only observe that, in the second part of Ines Mendo, the heroine's language is much purer; and that one only finds, now and then, vulgar expressions, or words not generally received.

(2) Some months previous to the Portuguese revolution.

(3) Ezekiel, xviii., 20.

(4) The famous Ines de Castro.

(5) The intervention of the King, which terminates this comedy, is by no means rare in the old Spanish dramas.—See the Alcade of Zelamèa, and a thousand other pieces.

There exists an old history, and a kind of poem, on the subject of an executioner who cut off his hand rather than strike his father. Selpuvèda records a similar trait of an Indian.

END.

INES MENDO;

OR,

THE TRIUMPH OF PREJUDICE.

A COMEDY.

" Que si de los zuecos la sacais á chapines, no se ha de hallar la mochacha, y á cada paso ha de caer en mil faltas."

DON QUIXOTE, Part ii. chap. v.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DON ESTEBAN DE MENDOZA.
JUAN MENDO.
DON CÆSAR BELMONTE (Portuguese Officer).
CORREGIDOR OF BADAJOS.
PEDRO (Servant to Esteban).
HOST.
DONNA INES DE MENDOZA.
DONNA SERAFINE (Duchess of Montalvan).
ABBESS OF THE URSULINES at Badajos.

The Scene is at the Château de Mendoza in Estremadura, at Elvas, and at Badajos.

INES MENDO;

OR,

THE TRIUMPH OF PREJUDICE.

SECOND PART.

DAY I.—SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Château de Mendoza.

DON ESTEBAN—INES.

DON ESTEBAN.

Well! will you never correct yourself? must you always be repeating your village phrases?

INES.

How can I help it? what is bred in the marrow will never come out of the bone.

DON ESTEBAN.

A pretty proverb in the mouth of the Baroness de Mendoza!

INES.

You do nothing but tease me about trifles. One has not a moment's peace with you.

DON ESTEBAN.

Ah!

INES.

Is it my fault that you are out of temper? Because our neighbours annoy us, must I suffer for it?

DON ESTEBAN.

Impertinents! but I shall be revenged on them!

INES.

Why seek them out in their little country-houses to invite them here? They are as poor as church mice, and vain as peacocks—would think themselves, indeed, dishonoured, to shew us the least respect! And all on account of my poor father! Dearly has he purchased his nobility! You ought to remember it, Esteban.

DON ESTEBAN.

Dear Ines, I shall never forget it! But tell me, would not the calmest man in the world be ruffled to see these lordlings arrive one after the other with the same story? "My wife, the countess such-a-one, is indisposed."—"Donna Isabella has a cold!" And then their studied impertinence towards your father! The affectation of never calling you Donna Ines—of never addressing their conversation to you!—Oh! I was so enraged.

INES.

Nonsense! laugh at it.

DON ESTEBAN.

Laugh! I see nothing to laugh at. And, by the way, your silly speeches and Galician gibberish give ample cause for ridicule. Why say, you had yourself prepared those grey peas? Is it becoming in a person of your station to turn cook?

INES.

You used to think I dressed them so well!

DON ESTEBAN.

What a subject of ridicule for a month at least! Madame the Baroness shelling her peas!

INES.

Peas or not, they eat of them like persons who fast often at home.

DON ESTEBAN.

Then, in spite of a thousand warnings, you never fail to call me, my heart!—can there be any thing more ridiculous?

INES.

Unkind! who would believe, that formerly you scolded me for calling you my Lord Baron? During the honey-moon, you embraced me whenever I called you my heart.

DON ESTEBAN.

You can give me no name which recalls more pleasing recollections; but observe, love, for the world—before these contemptible, impertinent lordlings, we must assume an air of dignity.

INES.

Well, I'll do all I can. You must not frown though! Come, let us embrace in sign of peace!

DON ESTEBAN.

My charming Ines! could I ever have an ill thought towards you? it was for you alone I suffered yesterday.—Gods! when I think of it, my anger breaks out afresh. Fools! refusing to dine with you!

INES.

Their society is not sufficiently agreeable to regret its loss.

Enter a SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Letters, my lord. [*Retires.*

DON ESTEBAN.

Whose writing is this? I don't know it.—(*Reads*) "Don Gil Lampuedo y Mello de la Porra, présents his compliments to Don Esteban Sandoval, Baron de Mendoza, and requests the honour of his presence at the Château de la Porra, on Tuesday next, to meet the ladies and gentlemen of the neighbourhood."—And you not invited! he shall pay dear for his insolence!—(*Tears the letter.*) I'll make such an example of him as shall teach politeness, for the future, to the whole family of the Porras.(1)

INES.

My dear Esteban! you frighten me so much when you are angry! If you love me, be calm.

DON ESTEBAN.

You know not what a gentleman suffers, whose honour is outraged.

INES.

My love!

DON ESTEBAN.

Don Gil, or Don devil! I'll soon make you see——

INES.

He is below your notice.—But hold! read the other letter; it is so amusing to——

DON ESTEBAN.

I see the wretch!—(*Reading the address of the letter*) Ha!

INES.

What's the matter?

DON ESTEBAN.

A letter from the Duchess de Montalvan.

INES.

And you know her writing so well, that you guess from whence it comes, merely on reading the direction!

DON ESTEBAN.

Oh! it is nothing but—Yes, I knew her very well formerly.

INES.

An old flame?

DON ESTEBAN.

Why, something like it—that is before!—There! read it yourself.

INES.

How generous!—(*Giving him back the letter.*) I must not be less so.

DON ESTEBAN (*reading aloud*).

"Dear Baron——"

INES (*laughing*).

"Dear Baron—" Oh! read it to yourself.

DON ESTEBAN.

"Dear Baron, I am about to quit Madrid, or rather fly from it.—I shall pass into Portugal, for reasons you shall know hereafter. Would you fear to receive a proscribed person in your château, for a few hours only? So you have been foolish enough to marry; and, if report be true—"(*Reads to himself.*)

INES.

Read aloud, Baron, I beg of you.

DON ESTEBAN (*pretending to read*).

"And if report be true—you—marry—Adieu! Serafine."

INES.

Oh! you are not yet cunning enough, Esteban. "And if report be true—you—marry—Adieu! Serafine." Is that the style of a duchess? I think I could write better myself.

DON ESTEBAN.

Madcap! she will arrive to-day I suppose—perhaps immediately. Go, Ines! arrange your dress a little; you must appear in all your beauty before her. She's an antiquated belle, and I should like to pique her. You are rather pale to-day; a little rouge would do you no harm.

INES.

If you love me, pale as I am, why should I seek to please others?

DON ESTEBAN.

Charming Ines! I should like her however to admire my choice.

INES.

Well! I'll rouge to please you—but must I dress? I am so awkward in fine clothes.

DON ESTEBAN.

Don't say so before the Duchess! Go, my angel, get ready—with your figure, one can't be ungraceful.

INES.

There is no resisting you! Adieu. [*Exit.*

DON ESTEBAN (*alone*).

The Duchess de Montalvan here!—I loved her once, like many others; no further. After all, what the devil is it to me what she says about my marriage? I love Ines—her criticisms can't change me in that respect; they'll have no effect upon me, I am certain. What a moment has she chosen to arrive!

Ines is not well to-day—she is pale—her eyes sunk. That malicious Duchess! let her jeer at my marriage—she shall see how I'll receive her pleasantries. She was beautiful formerly; that is to say, five years ago. I came into reputation among the women by her means, and my first duel was fought in her quarrel. I was wounded in the arm, and went to her house bleeding, and proud as a peacock. Well I remember it! She bandaged the wound herself, and would permit no one else to take care of me. In putting on the dressing she kissed my arm several times. I was then young; and those kisses so inflamed my blood! —Never shall I forget that moment. Ah! Don Juan Ramirez, what obligations do I not owe you for the wound you gave me.

Enter MENDO.

MENDO.

Good morrow, Don Esteban; I am happy to find you so gay to-day.

DON ESTEBAN.

Call me son, if you don't wish to give me pain.

MENDO, (*embarrassed*).

I am come to bid you adieu—I am going——

DON ESTEBAN.

What! are you about to leave us!

MENDO.

Yes, for Ferrol—a relation—a brother, whom I have not seen these many years.

DON ESTEBAN.

Ah! a brother newly arrived to you. How happens it you never mentioned his name before?

MENDO.

Because—I——

DON ESTEBAN.

Something displeases you here, and therefore you have determined to quit us.

MENDO.

You are wrong, my dear Baron: but I must go—it is absolutely necessary.

DON ESTEBAN.

But why?

MENDO.

I have business in Galicia.

DON ESTEBAN.

You are a perfect mystery! Ah! I divine your secrets. The impertinence of these half-gentlemen has offended you, and you would rather leave the country than expose yourself to similar insults. But wait—stay a little longer—you will be satisfied with the punishment I mean to inflict upon them. They shall be harassed in every possible way. Nearly all the country hereabouts is my property, so that they shall neither fish or hunt. Should they attempt it—a process instantly. In quality of governor of the province, I will billet soldiers upon them when our troops march towards Portugal. In fine——()

MENDO.

Why make yourself unhappy about a mere nothing? Leave them to themselves with their prejudices.—For myself, I abandon the field: numbers must carry the day.

DON ESTEBAN.

Oh lord—no! Here you remain, now that I know your real motives. Never shall it be said that a Mendoza submitted himself to the caprice of any man living! Here you stay, did all Estremadura march against the château to drive you from it.

MENDO.

Listen, Don Esteban! You know how much I was opposed to this marriage; even had I not been marked with the horrible stain from which the goodness of the king relieved me, I should still have thought equality of condition necessary in the wedded state. Not that I am tainted with those prejudices, or rather every-day opinions, with respect to the citizen and the noble. No: but since, by the will of fate, we are born in a certain class, it is in that class are formed our friendships and connexions in life—they are founded on a similarity of tastes, ideas, habits. Where God has placed us, there we should remain. In our family, Heaven has ordered it otherwise; you have connected yourself with a poor man, whose name (notwithstanding his majesty's favour) must sound ill in the ears of a

gentleman: to make it respected you will have much to endure. An old man—of himself neither useful nor amusing—who has in truth no business here, ought not to condemn to perpetual slights a noble gentleman to whom he already owes so much.

DON ESTEBAN.

And I——

MENDO.

No, Esteban; allow me to depart.—As to my daughter, in marrying you she has lost my name; she has become a Mendoza—a name that can efface all hereditary stains. Besides, should you be insulted on her account, you are her husband, and have sworn to defend her from the moment she accompanied you to the altar. But I, whilst I remain here, will, like a leper, make your house a desert, and deprive you of all the pleasures and prerogatives to which your rank in the world entitles you.

DON ESTEBAN.

All this fine speech is useless, Mendo; you must remain! Think you, your society is not more agreeable than that of these half-gentlemen of Estremadura? And shall I, to satisfy their mean pride, separate myself from a friend and a father? No, may they all go to the devil first!

MENDO.

My lord, your kindness overwhelms me: I am so much in the habit of receiving favours from the

Mendozas, that I know not how to refuse them. I fear, however, lest you may have cause to repent having retained in your family a peasant, infirm and ignorant.

DON ESTEBAN.

Ah! my father, that infirmity recalls to my mind all you have done for me! Can I ever repay the obligation?

MENDO.

What I did——

DON ESTEBAN.

We shall be revenged, be sure of it. Apropos, a beautiful lady, the Duchess Serafine de Montalvan, arrives to-day from Madrid: let us dress ourselves in our Sunday clothes to receive her; it's a folly of mine: but for God's sake quit that brown coat, and put on one more *à la mode.*

MENDO.

You are wrong not to let me depart. [*Goes out.*

DON ESTEBAN.

Poh! nonsense! I have done a good action, and will be stronger to resist the seductions of Serafine.—Seductions! bless my modesty! how easily (after having made an insignificant conquest) one persuades one's-self that all the women burn with desire to enslave you. Would it not be right, however, to meet the Duchess on the road?—No! it might offend Ines—yet, after all, it is nothing more than a polite

attention due to every woman. Why should one be less gallant towards a Duchess than a bourgeoise? I fly to meet her! Who comes here?

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

My lord, a lady in a chariot and four has this moment entered the gates. [*Exit.*

DON ESTEBAN.

I will go down immediately. How agitated I am! as if five years had not passed since we met; and five years change woefully a pretty woman.

[*Exit.*

Enter INES, *rouged and covered with diamonds.*

With what joy has he gone to meet her! When he received her letter, he appeared so enchanted! he did not read it all to me neither—I don't like shewing him how much that hurts me, for, no doubt, he don't do it intentionally. He loves me, and to be jealous would be so ungrateful. Ah! I am only a plain awkward village girl! Perhaps the comparison between me and a lady from Madrid, full of wit and grace, will disgust him! But, no! Esteban is so amiable; he'll always love me—I am sure of it. *(Seeing the Duchess enter)* How beautiful she is!

Enter DON ESTEBAN, *leading the* DUCHESS.

DON ESTEBAN.

My dear Ines, the Duchess de Montalvan.—

Madam, permit me to present to you Donna Ines de Mendoza.

DUCHESS.

Most happy to be acquainted with her.

INES (*confused*).

And I too——

DUCHESS.

What shocking roads! I am so fatigued—Ah!

INES.

Yet you rode in a carriage.

DUCHESS.

Oh! that's nothing——

DON ESTEBAN.

Madam, won't you do me the honour to be seated?—(*Aside to Ines*) Ines, what are you about? Sit down.

DUCHESS.

The baroness appears to be in pain. Are you not well, madam?

INES.

I—Madam——

DON ESTEBAN.

She is fatigued since yesterday—which is the reason you find her so pale; in general she has more colour.

DUCHESS.

With so beautiful a skin as that of the baroness, paleness is not a fault.

DON ESTEBAN (*bowing*)

Oh!

INES (*bowing*).

Oh!

DUCHESS.

It is more distinguished.

INES.

Madam is very good: but——

DUCHESS.

Madam the baroness is extremely young! not more than twenty-four or five, I suppose?

INES.

I shall be five—what am I saying?—twenty, I mean, come Michaelmas.

DUCHESS.

You have not been long in this château?

DON ESTEBAN.

A very short time; I chose it for my residence as being so near Avis, of which I am titular governor. We little expected the honour of receiving your grace here. But tell me, madam, what proscription is this of which you speak? what has brought you so far from the capital? Nothing very serious, I hope?

DUCHESS.

Not serious! Learn, Don Esteban, that I am a a fugitive in every sense of the word.—Here's my

history:—I had, you know, some influence at court; the Duke de Lerma consulted me sometimes—even his late majesty honoured me with his confidence. All at once comes Olivares, like a shell, I hardly know from whence; supplants Lerma in the affections of young Philip, and destroys all my credit at a blow. There is nothing I detest so much as the intrigues of a court: so I generously offered my friendship to the Count Duke: he refused it with contempt; war declared of course.—I tried to turn out the minister by giving the king a confessor of my choosing. Olivares provided him with a mistress;—the mistress succeeded—and the king bestowed all his confidence on this minister, Mercury.

INES.

The Duke of Olivares called Mercury?—what an odd name!

DUCHESS.

Be that as it may.—Olivares wished to be revenged.—He accused me of being concerned in some Portuguese conspiracy; that unfortunate affair of John de Braganza!—"It is you," said he, "who has torn Portugal from his Catholic Majesty!" How foolish! He meant to shut me up in a convent: perhaps even in the tower of Segovia. I had notice of it, and without attending to his decisions, made my escape. With such haste have I travelled, that at this mo-

ment my departure from Madrid is hardly known. I shall pass into Portugal, and turn conspirator in good earnest—since it must be so.

DON ESTEBAN.

How cowardly!—send a lady to the tower of Segovia!

INES.

But—the confessor——

DON ESTEBAN.

Ines, Donna Serafine would like some refreshment. [*Ines goes out.*

DON ESTEBAN (*to the Duchess*).

I have not asked you whether you made a good journey.

DUCHESS.

Oh, admirable! Apropos—the Governor of Avis is your major?

DON ESTEBAN.

Yes, madam, he persists in what he wrote me; but there are so few soldiers in the province, that I can send him no assistance.—Why do you ask?

DUCHESS.

No reason in the world.

DON ESTEBAN.

The time has been——

DUCHESS.

Why so embarrassed? have you any thing to say to me?

DON ESTEBAN.

What do you think of my wife?—is she handsome?

DUCHESS.

Very pretty.

DON ESTEBAN.

She is, unfortunately, extremely timid; it is that makes her appear awkward; you put her out of countenance just now. Was it at Madrid you heard of my marriage?

DUCHESS.

Yes.

DON ESTEBAN.

Tell me frankly now, what is thought of it?

DUCHESS.

Frankly!

DON ESTEBAN.

Yes.

DUCHESS.

Well then, it is much criticised (since you are determined to know the truth), though the philosophers of the court applaud it as an excellent example! Songs, sonnets, and jests have been made upon it: in fine, people think you have done a foolish thing. But at Madrid, every thing is so

quickly forgotten! No one has spoken of it these months past.

DON ESTEBAN.

And you, madam—dare I demand your opinion?

DUCHESS.

It is rather singular, Don Esteban, that you should address yourself to me, particularly as my advice would be both late and useless.

DON ESTEBAN.

Madam, pardon me, I did but jest: what is done is done—I am far from repenting of it.

DUCHESS.

Don Esteban, I have lost nothing of the friendship I had for you; it is a long time since we have met, and if either of us has been wrong, I certainly can't charge myself with the fault. Not a word have I heard from you since your departure for the army.

DON ESTEBAN.

Ah! madam, your just reproaches cover me with shame.

DUCHESS.

For my part, Don Esteban, I have preserved the memory of our old friendship; and in my disgrace, it is from you I have demanded an asylum. Perhaps——

DON ESTEBAN.

I appreciate as it deserves the flattering mark of confidence.

DUCHESS.

As your friend, your marriage distressed me. As your ——But I dare not now pronounce a name, yet more tender, you formerly bestowed upon me. I suffered much—much, Esteban, to see you blinded by a romantic generosity. Pardon the expression in a friend—you will surely repent of it one of these days. I think nothing of the want of birth in your wife—a soul like your's is above vulgar prejudices; nothing even of the repulsive circumstances attached to the father—there, on the contrary, is the romance of the affair. But, alas! I see you joined for life to a peasant girl, without education, without manners! After her first confinement, her beauty disappears; and it is then one feels all the price of education in a wife. I may be deceived, however—I have had but a glimpse of Donna Ines. Prejudice—perhaps jealousy—yes, Esteban, jealousy—I loved, I adored you! Had you married a woman of beauty, and a cultivated mind, one in fine made for you, then (though I should have suffered without doubt to lose a heart I had once possessed, yet the conviction that you were happy in your family, and stood well in public opinion, would have been some consolation), I would have said, he can never be mine, but he has at least found a companion worthy of him. (*Weeps.*)

DON ESTEBAN.

Madam! I feel most sensibly the flattering——

Enter INES, *with the* MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL.

MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL.

My lord, dinner is served.

INES.

There is a *punchero* (4) which you love so much.

DUCHESS.

Ah! [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST DAY.

DAY II.

SCENE I.

Apartment in the Château.

DON ESTEBAN—INES.

INES.

Love!

DON ESTEBAN.

Hum!

INES.

You are angry with me?

DON ESTEBAN.

Angry! why?

INES.

I said so many foolish things before that beautiful lady: the more I tried the worse it was.

DON ESTEBAN.

Hush! is she in her room?

INES.

Yes! How odd it is that before certain persons,

one should feel so ill at one's ease. I never saw so imposing a person.

DON ESTEBAN.

She takes a long siesta.

INES.

Have you remarked her beautiful hands? I have a great mind to ask her what she does to keep them so white.

DON ESTEBAN (*smiling*).

They are not given, Ines, to all the world; one must be born a duchess to have white hands.[5]

INES.

And still——

DON ESTEBAN.

It is a long time since she retired to her chamber.

INES.

My father is in such a taking to-day. Did you observe how he rolled his eyes on looking at the duchess?

DON ESTEBAN.

With what grace, with what affability, Donna Serafine addressed your father!

INES.

Yes; and yet he had a gloomy air——

DON ESTEBAN.

Oh! that's customary with him.—She has risen I perceive: go to her, Ines; we can't be too attentive to our guests.

INES (*low*).

Above all, to beautiful ladies.. [*Exit.*

DON ESTEBAN.

Childish ideas! foolish prejudices!—One drives them away, thinks himself delivered from them; and behold they return as powerful and dangerous as ever!—For myself, I have shaken off their yoke—trampled them under my feet. Dearly has my victory cost.—I almost repent.—No! not repent; but I suffer in having conquered the enemies that I despise: they attack me yet. Since the arrival of the duchess, my wife, the excellent Ines, has lost her beauty in my eyes; her frankness displeases me.—Formerly—I am quite ashamed not to be at the very height of the mode in this distant retreat—the god of fashion would chain me to Serafine's car—but no! I will resist this feeble attempt, since I already perceive the snares of the enemy. Besides, have I not conquered in ruder combats? Spain will not easily forget the example I gave.—I have then a right to reckon on my fortitude and courage. The duchess has assumed her grand airs;—well, I'll torment her in my turn. After what has passed between us, I did not expect to be treated like an unfledged youth, just emancipated from college.—She pities me, indeed! the coquette!—She is handsome as an angel! Ah, conjugal fidelity! happily you are obligatory only on the ladies——

SERVANT (*enters in a fright*).

SERVANT.

My lord!

DON ESTEBAN.

What's the matter? why are you frightened?

SERVANT.

My lord, the Corregidor of Badajos!

DON ESTEBAN.

The Corregidor?

SERVANT.

His assistants are with him: he wishes to speak with your lordship.

DON ESTEBAN.

Very well! let him come up.

CORREGIDOR (*coming in*).

I have the honour to salute your lordship.

DON ESTEBAN.

What has procured me the pleasure of this visit?

CORREGIDOR.

My lord, it is with the most lively regret that I execute an order transmitted to me from court. The Duchess de Montalvan is in this château, preparing to pass into Portugal.

DON ESTEBAN (*much agitated*).

How do you know her grace is here?

CORREGIDOR.

Softly, if you please; don't let us be angry.—I recognized her carriage in your coach-house.

DON ESTEBAN.

Admirable judge of heraldry!

CORREGIDOR.

As good as another, my lord—the duchess's carriage has no coat of arms—so please your Excellency! But the domestics have all confessed——

DON ESTEBAN.

Your age would promise more good sense than to listen seriously to the prating of a servant.

CORREGIDOR.

I know how painful it must be to deliver up your guest; but you would be far from wishing to harbour an enemy to his majesty.

DON ESTEBAN.

Sir, I harbour neither a duchess nor an enemy to his majesty. Be off, and leave me in peace, or I will have you punished for your insolence.

CORREGIDOR.

No reflections, my lord, if you please: you cannot have me punished, for you are no longer governor of the province; and yet——

DON ESTEBAN.

What says the insolent——?

CORREGIDOR.

I should be in despair to offend your excellency by a judicial visit to your château.

DON ESTEBAN.

By Heaven! were you insolent enough to attempt it, you should soon see what a fellow, ennobled but yesterday, would gain by insulting a grandee of Spain.

CORREGIDOR.

And you, my lord, ought to learn to treat the ministers of justice with more respect. For the last time, allow me to ask, is the duchess here?

DON ESTEBAN.

Leave my house! go instantly! or you shall be put out by force?

CORREGIDOR.

You compel me to it. Holla! come in. (*Enter armed men.*)

DON ESTEBAN *(ringing)*.

Ah! rascals, is it thus you treat a Mendoza? You, sir, shall pay dearly for your audacity. (*Enter Servants.*)

CORREGIDOR.

Don Esteban de Mendoza, I arrest you in the king's name *(touches him with his staff)*.

DON ESTEBAN.

Turn these fellows out! What! has this booby's staff petrified you? I must teach you your duty.

(*Draws his sword*). Rascals! this is the way to address you! Out, miscreants, out! [*Drives them out.*

Enter INES *and* DUCHESS.

INES.

Ah! they are going to kill him! Help! help!

Enter DON ESTEBAN, *putting up his sword.*

DUCHESS.

Admirable, my lord Baron! it's impossible to strike harder with the flat of the sword![6]

INES.

My dear heart, I am afraid you are wounded!

DON ESTEBAN.

No.

DUCHESS.

Might one demand of his Lordship what important reasons have obliged him to exercise his arm on the backs of these poor devils in black?

DON ESTEBAN.

Madam, I must speak to you in private! Ines, leave us a moment.

INES.

Me, my dear heart?

DON ESTEBAN.

Yes.

INES.

For a long time?

DON ESTEBAN.

No, no! do leave us. [*Ines goes out.*

DUCHESS.

What mystery! if you were not married, I should be very much frightened.

DON ESTEBAN.

How painful, madam, to change the charming mood in which I find you! But know, that the Corregidor of Badajos arrived a moment since to arrest you.

DUCHESS.

Really!

DON ESTEBAN.

Yes, Donna Serafine! justice has no terrors for me, when the question was to defend those charms which the tower of Segovia threatened to conceal from the world.

DUCHESS.

Oh! thou model of knight-errants! Tristan, Lancelot, Amadis!—Receive the thanks of an unfortunate and persecuted lady.—Ha, ha, ha!

DON ESTEBAN.

You are always the same.

DUCHESS.

Alas! I must quit this air of gaiety; it no longer suits me.—Dear Esteban, finish your good work: let me have four strong horses; I must be in Portugal to night.

DON ESTEBAN.

Every thing here is at your orders.

DUCHESS.

Must I leave you then when I am hardly arrived? perhaps never to see you more! Alas! it must be so!

DON ESTEBAN.

Madam, I——

DUCHESS.

We must lose no time.—Have you a trusty, determined person to accompany me, for my companion broke his arm at Caceres.

DON ESTEBAN.

Donna Serafine, do you know no one here who would glory in assisting you?

DUCHESS.

What do you mean?

DON ESTABAN.

Serafine, the time was you would have desired me to accompany you, to protect you in your flight! then why not now?

DUCHESS.

Ah! my dear Esteban.

DON ESTEBAN.

Speak, Serafine! say you choose me for your chevalier.

DUCHESS.

Impossible, Estaban! already you have exposed yourself on my account to the resentment of a vindictive minister; to accompany me to Portugal in rebellion, would be to declare yourself my accom-

plice, and shut against you for ever the road to Spain. No, my dear Esteban, I can't ruin you through mere wantonness!—Reflect, besides, that, as governor of the district, your actions, even the most indifferent——

DON ESTEBAN.

Of what importance to me is the anger of Olivares? Oh! that I had greater dangers to brave for your sake!—Besides, in accompanying you, I withdraw myself from the pursuit of justice, which I have outraged. Donna Serafine, don't refuse me, I conjure you!

DUCHESS.

Impossible!—you can't abandon your family, your dear Ines—Ah! that name must make you forget the wretched Serafine, and the dangers she encounters. Adieu! Esteban—think sometimes of your old friend.

DON ESTEBAN.

No, madam, I can't quit you; your position is too dangerous.—I could not exist, knowing you exposed to a thousand perils; whilst I, a soldier, seated quietly in my house, confined myself to fruitless wishes for the safety of my guest.—My dear Serafine! (*kneels.*)

DUCHESS.

Heavens! am I not sufficiently unhappy? Must I involve my only friend in my ruin?

DON ESTEBAN.

Consent, Serafine! I conjure you, by this wound received in your defence.

DUCHESS.

Cruel! what a period you recall to my mind!

DON ESTEBAN.

You consent!—thank God! I will follow you even to the prisons of Segovia.

DUCHESS.

Ines——

DON ESTEBAN.

I think but of you—of the dangers which environ you. Ines will remain to calm the storm.—And if——

DUCHESS.

Ah! if she knew your design!

DON ESTEBAN.

I'll find some pretext.

DUCHESS.

Well, I consent.—Conduct me as far as——

DON ESTEBAN.

Name not the place that must separate us.

DUCHESS.

Cruel Olivares! have you victims enough?

DON ESTEBAN.

Fear nothing on my account; I have powerful friends at court.—Your generosity exaggerates the poor service I render you.

DUCHESS.

God grant I may be the only victim!

DON ESTEBAN.

I am acquainted with the cross-roads: they'll be sharp fellows if they catch us; you could not choose a better guide.

DUCHESS.

Alas! why did I come here!

DON ESTEBAN.

Thank God for it!

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Letters, my lord. [*Retires.*

DUCHESS.

The minister's seal!

DON ESTEBAN.

What can he want with me?—(*Gives the letter to the Duchess after having read it.*) You see I am ill looked upon also at court; I am recalled – they order me to return instantly to Madrid.

DUCHESS.

Obey, Esteban, or you are ruined. You see you are compromised already.

DON ESTEBAN.

A strong reason against running myself into the jaws of the tiger.—(*Reading the other letter.*) This letter is from our common friend, Don Rodrigo de Yriarde.—He tells me I am considered as no stran-

ger to the troubles in Portugal; that it is said, it was not without design I placed myself so near the focus of revolt. Ah, ah! very good, indeed!—yet they are the very persons who sent me here!

DUCHESS.

How miserable I am! I don't know what to advise.

DON ESTEBAN.

We will think of it on the road. But silence! here comes Ines.

INES (*half-opening the door*).

May I come in?

DUCHESS.

Madam, I am displeased with Don Esteban. The news from Madrid which he has communicated to me with such secresy wasn't worth concealing—above all from you, madam.

DON ESTEBAN.

My dear Ines, the duchess must leave us this evening; let the horses be put to immediately. I shall accompany her as far as the orange-grove.

INES.

May I go with you?

DON ESTEBAN.

No! the dew is falling—you would catch cold.

INES.

What, madam! you travel by night?—are you not afraid?

DUCHESS.

I am disciplined by misfortune, which has pursued me without ceasing!

INES (*to Don Esteban*).

Tell me, why did you beat the officers?

DON ESTEBAN.

Rascals! who dared——a foolish affair—poachers, my love—but you would not understand it.

INES.

The servants say——

DON ESTEBAN.

Babblers—who don't know what they say! And you are a foolish child to listen to them—but I have some orders to give—shew Donna Serafine the flowers of your own cultivation.

INES.

Ah! madam, come and see my Arabian jessamines.

DUCHESS (*to Esteban*).

As soon as possible! [*Retires.*

SCENE II.

Chamber in the Château.

MENDO (*alone*).

There is always something impertinent even in the politeness of the rich. This duchess mocked us, and Don Esteban looked at her oftener than at

his wife. Ah! I fear Ines will repent having married a lord.

Enter INES.

INES.

She is gone at last, and to tell you the truth, I don't regret her.

MENDO.

Your husband accompanies her?

INES.

Yes! to the orange-grove—he would not let me go with him on my little white mule. Do you know, I am very uneasy!

MENDO.

Why?

INES.

He has taken his pistols—yet, there are no robbers in these parts.

MENDO.

It is, perhaps, to encourage the duchess.

INES.

What dangers are there on the road?

MENDO.

None, I hope.

INES.

Should the officers seize Donna Serafine——

MENDO.

From Badajos to here is a good distance.

INES.

She will bring some misfortune upon him—this lady, who wished to force her confessor upon the king!—It is true, papa; she told me so herself, in a story of which I understood very little. My God! why did my husband receive her?

MENDO.

He could not do otherwise; wasn't she his friend? (*Knocking at the gate.*)

INES.

I hear a noise at the great gate; can he be returned already?

Enter CORREGIDOR, *with Officers armed.*

CORREGIDOR.

Health to all present!—Here we are, but stronger this time. Justice will be mocked no longer, and they'll be best off who laugh last; ay, aye, we shall soon see who will pay for the broken heads.

INES.

Who do you want, sir? What is your business here?

CORREGIDOR.

Nothing but to apprehend, and take into bodily custody, a certain Don Esteban de Mendoza, and Donna Serafine, Duchess de Montalvan—that's all!

MENDO.

What do you mean, sir? that's impossible!

CORREGIDOR.

Permit me to execute my writ. I know my duty: —above all, no resistance, or I shall put you all to the sword.

INES.

Sir, the duchess is gone, and my husband too.

CORREGIDOR.

Pshaw, nonsense! nobody has passed the great gate, so the bird is still in the nest. (*To two officers*) You will let no one pass—the rest follow me.

[*Goes out.*

INES.

Alas! I knew it—this duchess has ruined him. The holy virgin take pity on him!

MENDO.

Make your mind easy; the rich man always gets out of a scrape.

INES.

But where is he? when will they restore him to me?

MENDO.

Heaven grant he may soon return!

INES.

You speak as if you feared the contrary!

MENDO.

Me!—I hope—he'll return shortly.

INES.

There is something in your mind you dare not

express;—yes—you know or suspect some great misfortune.

MENDO.

You are deceived, my child. Come, let us go in; we can only pray to God to preserve your husband.

INES.

Oh! you frighten me so! my mind misgives me—I fear the worst.

MENDO.

Let us retire—we are of no use here.

END OF THE SECOND DAY.

DAY III.

SCENE I.

Elvas—An Inn.

HOST, SOLDIERS, PORTUGUESE, *seated drinking at a table.*

HOST (*rising with his glass in his hand*).

To John de Braganza, King of Portugal!

ALL.

To John de Braganza!

HOST.

God be thanked! he is a true Portuguese; a good king—and of the right sort—just what we want:—none of your lank-jawed Spaniards pumping our dollars out of us.

SOLDIER.

If they return, here we are to receive them.

HOST.

You don't know the news, gentlemen;—when Don Rodrigo de Saa, and Ferdinand Menezes threw

Vasconcelhos out of the palace-window—what happened, think you?

CITIZEN.

He broke his neck on the pavement, I suppose.

HOST.

A huge phantom appeared to the people, and cried, with a voice of thunder, "Portuguese! to arms! the yoke of Spain is broken!" Who was it, think you?

SOLDIER.

Pretty question! who could it be—if not the king, Don Sebastian?[9]

HOST.

Exactly so.—Having said these words, the phantom melted into air with a loud clap—as if ten thousand pieces of cannon had been discharged at once. It is true; for I have it from my sister, who was at mass when Vasconcelhos went flying out of the window.

SOLDIER.

What is there so extraordinary in that? Every one knows that king Sebastian is not dead. Listen—One day that I was on guard (it was as black as the devil, and rained a little), I was blowing the match of my piece, when, behold you, a huge figure in white, armed from head to foot, with a crown on his head, passed quite close to me, heaving a deep sigh. I, who fear no man of flesh and blood, when I see a

spirit lose all courage: on my knees I went, repeating my litany against spirits.

HOST.

I know one, too, which has been often of use to me.

CITIZEN.

Hah! who comes here?

HOST.

A brave young gentleman—a gallant Portuguese—Don Cæsar de Belmont, who commands at the siege of Avis.

Enter DON CÆSAR.—(*Company rises*).

DON CÆSAR.

Good day, my friends.

HOST.

The honour my house——

DON CÆSAR.

It will soon receive a much greater. I am in expectation of the arrival here of a lady from Castile, who is obliged to fly because she is a friend to Portugal.

HOST.

My house is at her service.

DON CÆSAR.

She will soon be here.

HOST.

My lord, I take the liberty to ask your excellency, how speed our affairs?

DON CÆSAR.

Admirably, master Boniface!—The Spanish garrisons are retiring in all haste.—John de Braganza is recognized king by general acclamation.

HOST.

I am rejoiced at it.

DON CÆSAR.

The Spanish standard floats on the walls of Avis alone; but, before long, we shall plant in its stead.(10)

HOST.

I'll storm it (if necessary), spit in hand! Oh, that I could spit as many Spaniards as I have turkeys!

Enter the DUCHESS, (*wearing a Braganza scarf,*) *and* DON ESTEBAN.

DUCHESS.

Hail, land of refuge! hail, Portugal! and, long live John de Braganza.—Ah! Don Cæsar.

DON CÆSAR.

How happy I am, Donna Serafine, to see you in safety in the kingdom of Portugal.

DUCHESS.

At length I am secure.—(*She speaks to him aside —Don Esteban remains in the back ground with an embarrassed air.*) Don Cæsar, I present you my deliverer, Don Esteban de Mendoza.—Don Esteban, this is Don Cæsar de Belmont.—(*They coldly salute each other.*)

DON ESTEBAN.

You have need of repose, Donna Serafine. I don't know whether this hotel——

DUCHESS.

No; just now I was overcome with fatigue, but the pleasure of being surrounded by my friends, and rescued from the grasp of Olivares, has refreshed me all at once—really I could almost dance!

DON CÆSAR (*in a low voice*).

His majesty is prepared to give you the most flattering reception at Lisbon.

DUCHESS.

You think so? Do you know, Don Cæsar, I have had a fine escape. But for the courage of Signor de Mendoza, I was retaken and shut up in the tower of Segovia.

DON CÆSAR.

Good God! why was I not there?

DON ESTEBAN.

The affair, sir, was not worthy of your presence: (*low to the Duchess*) turn that person out.

DUCHESS.

Our carriage broke down on the road: whilst it was mending, up comes the Corregidor and his band —pif! pif! pistol-shots—dashing of swords—I was half dead with fear, and didn't open my eyes till Don Esteban announced that the enemy was entirely defeated.

DON CÆSAR (*low*).

Does he remain here?

DUCHESS.

Yes; we must keep measures with him, till we have effected what you know, about the affair of Avis.

DON CÆSAR.

Donna Serafine, you must be in want of rest after such a fatiguing journey: I retire.—Signor de Mendoza, if I can be of use to you here, command me.

DON ESTEBAN.

I thank you, my lord.

DON CÆSAR (*low to the Duchess*).

The major requires a letter. You understand me. [*Exit.*

DUCHESS.

Well, Esteban, what's the matter?—you are angry with me.

DON ESTEBAN.

I?——

DUCHESS.

I! yes, sir, you. What have I done to deserve this ill-temper?

DON ESTEBAN.

Madam, you jest with such grace—your gaiety is so——(*She looks at him tenderly*) Ah! Serafine, don't look so, or I shall never be able to scold you.

DUCHESS.

My dear Esteban, why chide me so? it is I should be angry with you for having followed me into Portugal—but how reproach you with a disobedience which has saved me?

DON ESTEBAN.

You harass me, Serafine, with your numerous acquaintance. God preserve us! you have friends every where, even in Portugal!

DUCHESS.

Well! and what is there astonishing in that? Don Cæsar was engaged like me in the conspiracy. Alas! I have but one regret—to have involved you so deeply.

DON ESTEBAN.

Ah! Serafine, you know the way to remove my regrets!

DUCHESS.

Signor Mendoza! but what do you mean to do? In your place, compromised as you are, and almost proscribed, I would accept an office in Portugal.

DON ESTEBAN.

What could they do with me? Besides, I am a Castilian.

DUCHESS.

And am not I a Spaniard? But they have proscribed me, and I am of that country which affords me an asylum.

DON ESTEBAN.

Let us change the subject.

DUCHESS.

No, I have much to say on that head. The regret I feel at having been the means of your quitting Spain, and exposing you to the resentment of your court, would be much augmented, did I not offer you an indemnity in Portugal.

DON ESTEBAN.

Is it then for Portugal I have fought? The indemnity which would be——

DUCHESS.

You would not like to serve in the Portuguese ranks at the moment a war is about to commence; but there is some post——

DON ESTEBAN.

Once more, let us change the subject.

DUCHESS.

But what will become of you? you can't return to Spain without danger.

DON ESTEBAN.

Would you so soon banish me from your presence?

DUCHESS.

You afflict me!

DON ESTEBAN.

Is it for John de Braganza to recompense the poor services I have done you? No, Donna Serafine,

I am sufficiently paid by the pleasure I feel in seeing you out of danger.

DUCHESS.

You are no longer a Spaniard—why not become a Portuguese?—Listen—I can promise you a post which, without obliging you to bear arms against Spain, will procure you the favour of John de Braganza.

DON ESTEBAN.

Strange obstinacy!

DUCHESS.

You may even render a service to your countrymen; for example: the castle of Avis is closely besieged—to-morrow Don Cæsar attacks it by storm; but, out of consideration for me, he will permit the garrison to retire: write to the commandant; you are governor of Avis, and his superior—you ought to have some influence over him—tell him to cease a useless defence, and that you authorize him to capitulate.

DON ESTEBAN.

Are you aware of what you wish me to do?

DUCHESS.

Nothing but what is very simple. You are persuaded, you tell me, that the castle is not tenable—spare, then, the blood of your countrymen.

DON ESTEBAN.

But the honour of a Spaniard!—

DUCHESS.

Oh! honour! honour! there's your theme! That word has caused rivers of blood to flow. But whether Don Cæsar storm the castle or not, what is that to me? I promise to bestow this scarf upon him who shall first plant the standard of Portugal on the walls of Ayis—how happy I shall be if Don Cæsar be the victor!

DON ESTEBAN.

Don Cæsar! always Don Cæsar! that's your theme, Serafine. Ever since we have been in Portugal, you speak only of Don Cæsar!

DUCHESS.

And why should I not speak of him?

DON ESTEBAN.

I don't mean to vaunt the services I have done you, but tell me, where will you find a heart that loves you like mine?

DUCHESS.

You forget——

DON ESTEBAN.

Let me forget all at your feet! Serafine, I adore you! why will you drive me to despair by your levity?

DUCHESS *(low)*.

Duty must prevail over love—you forget, my lord, your faith is pledged.

DON ESTEBAN.

No, cruel! I do not forget it—my conscience has not enough reproached me! Your taunts, your sarcasms, were wanting to complete my misery! Yes, I have quitted all for you; sacrificed country—wife—honour: but you—you, Serafine, who have made me the most contemptible of men—you repulse me with disdain, and Don Cæsar's affection, rather than mine, appears to have gained your heart!

DUCHESS.

Unjust! Can you accuse me?—have I been wanting to my plighted faith? Remember the orange-grove at Aranjuez—have you not a thousand times sworn eternal love to me? You depart—a few letters, cold and polite, are the only consolation I receive from you; after a while they cease entirely. —At length the last blow is dealt—you are married, Esteban—and to whom?—what a rival! just heaven!—Behold your fidelity!—look how you observed your oaths! Go, perjured man! leave me to lament over my past weakness!

DON ESTEBAN.

Serafine, I have never ceased to love you—Yes, I swear it! I have quitted Ines to be no longer separated from you—to live your slave.—Will you abandon me? Ah! no; you will yet open your arms to him who adores you!

DUCHESS.

Oh, Esteban!

DON ESTEBAN.

I am your's for ever!—(*Embracing her.*)

DUCHESS.

If you know how to despise public opinion, we will exist but for each other.

DON ESTEBAN.

For ever?

DUCHESS.

Yes, for ever! Oh, love, we shall live happy, far from Spanish tyrants, near our august and beloved monarch.—Long live John de Braganza!

DON ESTEBAN.

Long live John de Braganza!

DUCHESS.

Now we are Portuguese.—(*She invests him with the Braganza scarf.*)

DON ESTEBAN.

I must spread a report of my death—change my name; then in retirement, far from the tumult of courts, we shall live happy in each other's arms! But, should poor Ines——

DUCHESS (*embracing him*).

Idol of my heart!—tell me, will you write to the commandant of Avis?

DON ESTEBAN.

I conjure you, Serafine, not to exact it of me.

DUCHESS.

No; but I entreat—I——

DON ESTÉBAN.

You require it?—yes, I'll sacrifice all to you.

DUCHESS.

A kiss for the trouble.

DON ESTÉBAN.

But what to say? I can't write——

DUCHESS.

Tell him there are no hopes of assistance from Spain—Is that true? Yes, or no?

DON ESTEBAN.

Yes;—but——there, write yourself—I will sign it: are you satisfied?

DUCHESS *(writing)*.

My only love!—Yes, now I believe in your affection.—*(She rings; enter* PEDRO.*)*

DUCHESS.

Let this letter be despatched instantly to the commandant of Avis. A cornet of the volunteers of Bera is below; he will take charge of it.

PEDRO.

My lord, are you for the new fashion of wearing a Braganza scarf?

DON ESTEBAN.

Well?

PEDRO.

Because, in that case, I'll demand my discharge.

I have no desire to turn Portuguese—Spaniard I am born, and Spaniard I'll die.

DON ESTEBAN.

Ah! dear Serafine, what a sacrifice I make you!

DUCHESS.

So you are disconcerted because a valet desires his discharge! Good fellow, there's money to drink my health—return home, and may Our Lady protect you.—*(Aside to him)* Should any one ask what is become of Signor de Mendoza, say he's dead—killed in a duel—you understand?

PEDRO.

Must I tell it to every body? even to Madam?

DUCHESS.

To every body. Accept this ring—give it to your wife, if you have one; but first give the letter to the officer below.—(*Pedro goes out.*) My Esteban, observe the sun setting in that orange-grove—it reminds me of that sweet evening at Aranjuez.

DON ESTEBAN.

Ah! why did I quit you? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Château de Mendoza.

INES.—MENDO.

MENDO.

He is forced to conceal himself, on account of this

unpleasant affair; in some time, when justice is appeased, he'll return.

INES.

But why not write? I might have heard from him three times over.

MENDO.

Hum!

INES.

I see but too plainly, you don't tell me what you think. Esteban is dead—or unfaithful—God grant it may be the last!

MENDO (*aside*).

Yes, for I would revenge you.

INES.

What do you say, father?

MENDO.

I hope he's alive, and loves you still—but more than one reason——

INES.

Holy Virgin! isn't that Pedro I see?

Enter PEDRO.

PEDRO.

Madam, your most humble servant.

INES.

Pedro, what have you done with my husband? Speak!

PEDRO.

Alas! madam—

INES.

He is dead?

PEDRO.

The Lord have mercy upon him, and forgive him his sins!

INES.

She has killed him!—*(Faints.)*

MENDO.

Rascal! you have murdered my daughter!

PEDRO.

Madam! madam! take courage, don't believe a word of it—Signor de Mendoza is not dead.

INES.

Mendoza!

PEDRO.

He is alive and well.

INES.

Thank God!—I shall see him then?

PEDRO.

I don't know that.

INES.

Pedro, tell me all—conceal nothing!

PEDRO.

You wish to know the truth? Well, then, he is at Elvas with the duchess he calls his dear Serafine—I saw him with the Portuguese scarf. Besides, there are bad reports about him. On seeing that I demanded my discharge, the duchess gave me

money to say he was dead, and your husband appeared to consent. Would the ducats had melted in my hand, and burned me to the bone! My lying has almost killed my dear mistress.

INES.

I shall never recover it!

MENDO.

What I foresaw has happened—Ines!

INES.

Father!

MENDO.

Have you the clothes you wore at Monclar?

INES.

Yes, father!

MENDO.

Resume them instantly—abandon all the perjured wretch has given you—keep nothing!—We must remain no longer under his roof—I shall take you to Badajos; the abbess of the Ursulines will give you an asylum.

INES.

Give me your hand—I am very weak.

MENDO.

Come—support yourself on my arm—I am firm—come! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Inn at Elvas.

DON ESTEBAN.—DUCHESS.

DUCHESS.

Why so sad, my love? your Serafine—can she not divert you from your melancholy?

DON ESTEBAN.

With a conscience like mine, one can never be gay.

DUCHESS.

Take your gun, and amuse yourself a little.

DON ESTEBAN.

Has the commandant of Avis entered Spain?

DUCHESS.

I imagine so.

DON ESTEBAN.

Has the capitulation been religiously observed?

DUCHESS.

Without doubt.

DON ESTEBAN.

I am glad of it—Serafine, let us quit Elvas. The recollections attached to this hotel kill me—would to Heaven we were together in the deserts of America!

DUCHESS.

To me, Elvas recals but scenes of love. With

your permission, however, in place of the deserts of America, we would do well to go to Lisbon.

DON ESTEBAN.

We shall think of it. I am going to ride—will you accompany me?

DUCHESS.

No, I am fatigued—I'll lie down a little.

DON ESTEBAN.

Where is—Don Cæsar?

DUCHESS.

Incorrigible jealousy!—he is at Avis, no doubt!

DON ESTEBAN.

Suspect you, Serafine? you, who have given me so many proofs of affection?—I'll take a gallop; when the wind whistles about my ears, and stuns me with its roar, it is then I am most at ease—adieu! [*Exit.*

DUCHESS.

Adieu, my love—Poor fool!—a contemptible fellow!—without a character! At first, I thought to make something of him; but he is too narrow-minded ever to become the companion of Serafine. Sometimes he excites my pity; but, to interest myself about so weak a creature would destroy my noble project. Olivares! you drove me from Madrid, but I shall enter Lisbon in triumph! Now may I give the reins to my ambition! I see no bounds to my rising power.—*(Clock strikes)*—So late! he

ought to be here! Ah! he comes.—(*Don Cæsar enters.*)

DUCHESS.

Enter, Cæsar—Pompey is away!

DON CÆSAR.

My queen, admire my punctuality! I arrive from Avis at a gallop, and, without taking time to breathe, hasten to bear you off.

DUCHESS.

Our man is greatly alarmed for the garrison of Avis.

DON CÆSAR.

By Heaven! he has reason. I am no gentleman if the peasants of Alentego and Bera let a man of them enter Spain!

DUCHESS.

Oh! shocking, Don Cæsar!—Hold this veil—are the horses harnessed?

DON CÆSAR.

Yes, my charming Serafine.

DUCHESS.

Come to my room, and assist in disguising me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Serafine's Chamber at Elvas.

DON ESTEBAN *(alone).*

Fatigue of body gives no repose to the mind. She

is for ever before my eyes—Ah! what she must suffer at this moment!—Wretched creature! how had she offended me?—(*Calls*) Serafine! Donna Serafine!—What can this mean? where can she be?—(*Sees a letter*) Ha!—(*Reads*) "For the Baron de Mendoza"—It is her writing.—"Dear Esteban, I am in despair to "quit you; but it is absolutely necessary that I "should go to Lisbon. As it appears to me that "you don't much like Portugal, I advise you to "return to your excellent wife, who must be in "great distress about you—Be happy with her.—"Adieu; don't be in pain on my account—Don "Cæsar——" Ha! I deserve it—yes, I deserve it! I quitted an angel, to throw myself into the arms of a demon. Revenge!—No, my courage is gone.—What will become of me?—how shall I dare present myself before old Mendo? Ines' arms would be open to me;—but Mendo—if Pedro—he must have told him.—Oh, monster that I am! I have killed her, perhaps!—Ines! Ines! is it you or your corpse awaits me at Mendoza? I can no longer endure this uncertainty: it must end! I'll return to Mendoza, were I to sacrifice my life!—(*Enter* PEDRO.) Ah! Pedro, what news?

PEDRO.

My lord, I am come back to you;—madam's grief was so great, that—I couldn't lie—I confessed all.

DON ESTEBAN.

Well?

PEDRO.

They have quitted Mendoza; her father has taken her to the convent of the Ursulines at Badajos.

DON ESTEBAN.

I fly thither. Pedro, did they send you to me?

PEDRO.

My lord, madam gave me this note for you, unknown to her father.

DON ESTEBAN (*reading it*).

Not a reproach!—Oh, angel of heaven! how could I deceive you? Quick, Pedro!—Horses!—We must be to-night at Badajos.

PEDRO.

I doubt if we can, my lord; we must take the cross-roads.

DON ESTEBAN.

Why?

PEDRO.

All the country is up in arms: the garrison of Avis has been massacred by the insurgent peasantry; and every Spaniard who falls into their hands is put to death instantly.

DON ESTEBAN.

What, another blow!—No matter, Pedro—we must——If I fall, tell her I died repentant.

PEDRO.

Ah! my lord, she's an angel! She never ceased excusing you to her father.

DON ESTEBAN.

Let us hasten, Pedro. The major, Don Gregorio, —is he not saved?

PEDRO.

No, my lord, they have hanged him.

DON ESTEBAN.

Another murder on my conscience! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Parlour in the Convent of the Ursulines.

MENDO, INES, *the* SUPERIOR.

MENDO.

Adieu, Ines! we shall meet again.

INES.

Adieu, father! I have not long to live; the blow was too severe.—Should he forget her—and return to his Ines! Alas! time is short with me—it will not await his return. Tell him I forgive him, and died imploring Heaven for his pardon. Adieu, father!

MENDO.

Adieu, my dear daughter!—[*Ines enters the interior of the Convent.*]—Now do I devote myself, body and soul, to vengeance. Thank Heaven, my left hand yet remains.

Enter DON ESTEBAN, *pale and in disorder.*

DON ESTEBAN.

Ines! Ines! my best beloved!

MENDO.

Respect this holy place.

DON ESTEBAN.

Ines! Ines!

INES (*behind the scenes*).

'Tis he! 'tis he!—he has returned to me!—[*Enters, rushing towards Don Esteban.*] You love me then still! Oh! I am happy!—(*Swoons.*)

SUPERIOR.

The chair! put her in the chair! let her smell these salts—I'll go for water. [*Exit.*

DON ESTEBAN.

My dearest Ines! if my tenderest affection could repair my crime—— Speak to me, for God's sake!

Enter SUPERIOR, *with water.*

SUPERIOR.

Take a draught of water, madam.

INES.

Esteban!—father!—give me each of you your hand. (*She endeavours to join them; Mendo withdrawing his.*) Esteban, embrace me!—adieu! [*Dies.*

SUPERIOR.

She is dead!

MENDO.

Signor de Mendoza, what say you to this spec-

tacle?—look upon your work. This mutilated arm—does it suggest nothing to your mind?—no feeling of gratitude? Gratitude! oh yes! I invoke the corpse of my daughter to witness it! As yet, I am guiltless of blood; but this day do I constitute myself your judge and your executioner. The lord have mercy upon your soul! (*Fires upon Don Esteban.*)

SUPERIOR.

Help! help! murder! shut the gates.

DON. ESTEBAN.

Let him escape! [*Dies on Ines' bosom.*

MENDO.

I'll not stir; inasmuch as the comedy is finished. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, thus ends the second part of Ines Mendo; or, The Triumph of Prejudice.

INES.

The author desires me to return to life to solicit your indulgence.—You may depart, with the satisfaction of knowing, there will be no third part.

NOTES.

(1) A *jeu de mots*, impossible to translate—*Porra* signifies in Spanish, ridiculous pride.

It is necessary to remember, that the action passes a short time after the revolution which placed John de Braganza on the throne of Portugal. This will explain the passage in p. 242, and the allusion to the tower of Segovia is explained, by its being a State prison.—See also Gil Blas.

(4) A ragoût of mutton and grey peas—a dish considered vulgar.

(5) An idea (as it appears to me) borrowed from Lord Byron—see his "Don Juan."

(6) In Spanish *Cuchilladas:* for the signification of this word, see the novel of "Rinconeta and Corradilla," by Michael Cervantes.

(9) Allusion to a popular superstition, general in Portugal. Many persons believe that King Sebastian (who was killed in Africa) is not dead, and that he shews himself to his subjects when any remarkable event is about to take place:—his last appearance was at the period of the occupation of Lisbon by the French, in the years 1808-9.

(10) Arms of Portugal.

END.

HEAVEN AND HELL.

A COMEDY.

Sin zelos amor,
Es estar sin alma un cuerpo.

CALDERON.

Almas atravesadas!

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

DON PABLO ROMERO,

FATHER BARTOLOMEO (Inquisitor).

DONNA URRACA DE PIMENTEL.

Scene at Valencia.

HEAVEN AND HELL.

SCENE I.

Oratory.

DONNA URRACA.—DON PABLO.

DONNA URRACA.

Once more, no! you beg to no purpose—to-day is Ash-Wednesday.

DON PABLO.

Remember, on Shrove-Tuesday, we could not take advantage of the carnival.

DONNA URRACA.

I am a great offender, God forgive me! but there is a sin I will never commit.

DON PABLO.

Only one little kiss!

DONNA URRACA.

I must not.

DON PABLO.

The sin, if it is one, is not very great, and I take it all upon myself.

DONNA URRACA.

On Ash-Wednesday!

DON PABLO.

Pshaw! never mind Lent! Come, one kiss only!

DONNA URRACA.

Well now, you are insupportable!—shut the window.

DON PABLO.

Another—you won't sin the more for it.

DONNA URRACA.

No! pray now be quiet.

DON PABLO.

What's that about your neck?

DONNA URRACA.

A chaplet, with an Agnus Dei, blessed by our holy father the Pope.

DON PABLO.

But my portrait—my chain—what have you done with them? Ah! Urraca, I am certain you have given them to that sly Father Bartolomeo, to ornament the neck of some Madona.

DONNA URRACA.

No, they are all in my casket; but I thought that on such a day as this——

DON PABLO.

Such a day as this ought to be struck out of the calendar!

DONNA URRACA.

You forget, Don Pablo—is not to-day——

DON PABLO.

Enough, let us speak of something else—you must change your confessor, he is too young: people talk of it, and I am becoming uneasy.

DONNA URRACA.

At least, spare a holy person, if you have no regard for me.

DON PABLO.

I treat him as he deserves; for no doubt he slanders me prettily to you.

DONNA URRACA.

On the contrary, Pablo—the poor man!—he hopes you will be converted one of these days by—— Ungrateful! I have sinned long to save your soul.

DON PABLO.

You know how grateful I am for all your favours; but make me a last sacrifice—dismiss Father Bartolomeo quietly.

DONNA URRACA.

No: he was my husband's confessor, before he set off for the New World, and Don Jose always profited by his advice.

DON PABLO.

That's precisely the reason why you must shut the door against him.—What! you have quitted your

husband for me, and you won't discard this devil of a confessor!

DONNA URRACA.

Don't swear, I beg of you, Don Pablo,—remember it's Ash-Wednesday.

DON PABLO.

Your folly would make a saint of stone swear!—For the last time,—let me give you a proof of my love.

DONNA URRACA.

Impossible!—return to-morrow.

DON PABLO.

To-morrow I shall be on guard. God——

DONNA URRACA.

My dear Pablo, if you can't help swearing, swear at least in another manner. Wouldn't it be equal to you to say, "the devil!" for example? or d—n at every thing, as the soldiers do when they are angry?

DON PABLO.

Adieu!

DONNA URRACA.

Adieu, my soul!

DON PABLO.

Urraca?

DONNA URRACA.

What's the matter? Why do you laugh?

DON PABLO.

Didn't you call me your soul, this instant?

DONNA URRACA.

Yes;—why, love?

DON PABLO.

To-day is Ash-Wednesday!

DONNA URRACA.

Cruel! can you jest on such a subject? I did not address you in a worldly sense.

DON PABLO.

Well then, to take leave, give me a heavenly kiss, such as the cherubims——

DONNA URRACA.

Don't blaspheme!—(*Embracing him.*)

DON PABLO.

Adieu, my charmer.—Friday morning?

DONNA URRACA.

Friday!—it is——

DON PABLO.

Pooh! it's St. Venus's day.—Friday—Adieu.

[*Exit.*

DONNA URRACA.

What a pity, so handsome a man, and with such an excellent heart, should be no better than a pagan! But one day or another he'll choose the right path; it would be a thousand pities a soul like his should be damned.—(*Clock strikes*) Four o'clock! It's the hour Father Bartolomeo comes to confess me, and give me his advice. I must prepare the conserve of roses and the marasquino—(*Opens a*

press) Afterwards I'll read a chapter of the Kempis he gave me—where is it? Ha! by what chance has the guitar been left in my room to-day? I must put it somewhere else, it can't remain here—(*touches the chords*). In excellent tune! la, la, la, la! I never saw a better. Pablo has a taste for these sort of presents.—(*Sings*) La, la, la! "my confessor!"—I have nothing in my head but that profane air he forced me to learn—there's no sin in it—the sin is down.—(*Sings*) "Says my confessor to me, brother, to mortify your carnal appetites, three days must you fast on bread and on water. But Mariquita says, come to supper with me—and let the devil take the confessor."

Enter FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

DONNA URRACA.

Ah!

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

Jesu Maria! what is it I hear?

DONNA URRACA.

Is it you?—I——

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

Can I believe my ears? What, daughter, is it really you? I expected to find you at prayer, or meditating on some pious book—and there you are, with your guitar in hand, singing blasphemy!

DONNA URRACA.

Ah, father! if you knew——

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

Tell me what evil spirit——

DONNA URRACA.

Yes, father, the evil spirit is the cause of it. I wanted to remove the guitar from the room—I touched two or three of the chords without thinking of it; the evil spirit chose his time, and, unknowingly, I played an air I hold in horror, and which I have retained in spite of myself—and then——

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

And then——

DONNA URRACA.

Then—I don't know how it was, but I sung out loud.

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

Yes, my child—no doubt the evil spirit suggested that abominable air.—Thank your good angel, who has brought me here just in time to prevent your committing another sin.

DONNA URRACA.

Thank Heaven for it! But sit down, father; at your age, it's fatiguing to come on foot from l'Espiritu Sancto, to this distant quarter.

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

Thanks to our Divine Saviour, my child, I am not yet so feeble, but I can contrive to hold on my legs:—at forty-nine one is good for something.

DONNA URRACA.

Just what I said.—I thought you looked ill to-day.

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

Ill! I don't think so *(looking at himself in the glass)*: your glass throws a green shade. No, I am very well, and have put on my new cassock to see you, my child.

DONNA URRACA.

Well, sit down, if it is only to taste of these preserves I prepared for you.

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

Alas! willingly, my daughter; I have taken little corporeal nourishment to-day.

DONNA URRACA.

Fasting too much will make you ill.

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

What can I do?—another glass of your maraquino—it is better than what Donna Maria de Jesu gave me.

DONNA URRACA.

I believe it! She's so avaricious, she wouldn't spend forty reals in a present to her friend.

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

Softly, daughter; we must not slander our neighbours. True it is, that for this last year she has given me nothing but a little ivory crucifix, yellow with age, and bad marasquino; but then she knows very well,

that it's better not to make a present, than to do it ill.

DONNA URRACA.

That's very true—*à-propos*—have you received the hamper of Bordeaux?

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

Yes, my child; I thank you for it—but another time, when you send me wine to the convent, don't pack it in a hamper; put it in a book-case, for example; or—in fact, dispose of it in any other way you please.

DONNA URRACA.

What!

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

Yes!—the prior saw the hamper, and I was obliged to offer him a part of this wine, which I meant to have reserved, to sustain me during my nightly orisons. The reverend fathers would also taste of it; so that not a drop remains.

DONNA URRACA.

Don't be uneasy, I'll send you more—I am happy the reverend fathers found it good.

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

Alas! don't deprive yourself of it for me—though, of all wines, it is that which agrees the best with my feeble health.—Shall I confess you to-day?

DONNA URRACA.

If you please; I should like to have absolution before Friday.

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

Collect your thoughts a little, whilst I finish my collation, and then you will confess your sins of the week.—Well, daughter, are you ready?

DONNA URRACA.

Yes, father.

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

In that case, let us begin.—Kneel on the cushion—that's it—a little nearer—nearer yet—Good! Is the cushion soft enough for your tender knees, my dear child? Are you quite at your ease?

DONNA URRACA.

Yes, father! We'll begin when you like.

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

Put your little hand in mine—how long is it since I confessed you?

DONNA URRACA.

Last Saturday, father.

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

Good!

DONNA URRACA.

I got into a passion with my maid for not lacing me tight enough.

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

Good!

DONNA URRACA.

At church, my attention was so distracted, by a sol-

dier in a red and blue uniform, that I did not attend to the divine mystery with the requisite devotion.

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

Good!

DONNA URRACA.

I have spoken very ill of several ladies of my acquaintance.

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

Good!

DONNA URRACA.

I love my little dog Flora more, perhaps, than becomes a Christian.

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

Ah! there you are wrong, my child. Your dog is so ill brought up, that no later than the day before yesterday he bit me in the leg; I feel the pain yet: give him one hundred stripes yourself as a penance.

DONNA URRACA.

Alas! father, the poor creature——

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

Well! fifty.

DONNA URRACA.

The little darling! He couldn't have known you.

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

He always tears my cassocks though; however, as he is deprived of the faculty of reason, you will give him no sugar for three days.

DONNA URRACA.

Poor dog!

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

What next?

DONNA URRACA.

What next?—Oh! father—a fly—is it sinful to——

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

A fly? How a fly?

DONNA URRACA.

Yes! I swallowed one inadvertently this morning in my chocolate—I perceived it, but too late.

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

Was it a large or a small fly?

DONNA URRACA.

A very small one.

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

Oh! then it is not contrary to the canon law. The small flies which engender in water are not flesh meat; but the large ones, engendering in the air, are. With all this, my child, I fear you conceal a transgression, worse than all the rest.

DONNA URRACA.

Reverend father—I——

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

You say nothing of—him——

DONNA URRACA.

Of who?

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

Of Don Pablo!

DONNA URRACA.

Don Pablo?

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

Yes, Don Pablo; have you repeated the sin of which——

DONNA URRACA.

Well!—but——

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

Ah! I see clearly how it is.

DONNA URRACA.

I could not hinder him; but the whole time I thought on the sufferings of Saint Agnes the virgin and martyr; yet I could not, like Saint Agnes——

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

Poor compensation! at least, you have some hopes of converting him?

DONNA URRACA.

I don't despair yet.

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

Mortify the flesh, my daughter! mortify the flesh!

DONNA URRACA.

Alas! I am ready to submit to any penance you think fit to impose upon me.

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

Well then, above all, you must close your doors against Don Pablo.

DONNA URRACA.

Ah! father, are there no other means? I intended, this long time past, to bestow upon your convent the silver chandelier you admired so much the other day.

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

The holy Mother of God reward you! *Centuplum accipies!*—True, alms-giving is a powerful means of expiation;—but—yet—

DONNA URRACA.

It shall be sent to the convent to-morrow morning.

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

Come, we'll yet have patience—say every day ten Paters and ten Aves on rising—no! ten going to bed, and seven rising.

DONNA URRACA.

Yes, father, I shall say them regularly every day.

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

Good, my child; I have something to ask you which interests strongly both the church and the state—you can save them, I think, from great danger.

DONNA URRACA.

I! Jesu Maria! I am always ready.

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

There's a pamphlet circulating clandestinely——

DONNA URRACA.

May I rise?—you have finished confessing me?

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

Yes, rise, my child! — This pamphlet is entitled, "Open your Eyes."—Why do you blush?

DONNA URRACA.

I blush? It's the reflection of the curtain.

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

It's essential to discover the author, and we have our suspicions—you are confused!

DONNA URRACA.

Not at all!

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

We suspect Don Pablo.

DONNA URRACA.

Don Pablo! he write pamphlets! You know little of him!—A pamphlet by Don Pablo! I swear to you that it will be long enough before Don Pablo writes a pamphlet—besides, he is too faithful a servant to his majesty, to publish any thing against his government.

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

How do you know it attacks the government of our lord the King?

DONNA URRACA.

You have just told me so.

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

Not a word of it.

DONNA URRACA.

I am deceived then.

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

If he were the author, you would certainly know it?

DONNA URRACA.

Without doubt.

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

And you are too sincere not to discover——

DONNA URRACA.

Had there been a word of truth in it, you would have known it before this.

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

The power of his family at court prevents our arresting him (as we would do in any other case), previous to obtaining more ample information.

DONNA URRACA.

What reasons have you for attributing this pamphlet to him?

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

I hardly know:—some little affinity between what you told me of his religious opinions, and certain phrases I found in the pamphlet.

DONNA URRACA.

Really! and you have no other proof?

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

None whatever.

DONNA URRACA.

Don Pablo loves the King too sincerely to write any thing seditious. I know he is not over and above devout, but he performs publicly the duties of reli-

gion—he takes the sacrament, along with the officers of his regiment, regularly once a year—and he never boasts of his free opinions.

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

I am wrong, then. What you say of him gives me great pleasure;—if, however, you hear any thing on the subject, don't forget to inform me of it—in the mean time continue to exhort him to repentance.

DONNA URRACA.

I will strain every nerve, I promise you.

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

Let us talk of something else. If you have any more of those perfumed cigars of which you formerly gave me some, I would smoke one with pleasure.

DONNA URRACA.

Have you none remaining?

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

Alas! my child, they are all ended in smoke.

DONNA URRACA.

Why didn't you tell me so before? I would have sent you a box. There, take what's in my case.

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

You are too good, my daughter; I accept them only, because I know you can procure them with more ease than a poor monk. What are you reading at present?—(*He smokes.*)

DONNA URRACA.

First, I am reading "The Offices;" then, "Thomas

à Kempis;" then, "The Flower of the Saints;" sometimes "The Araucana."

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

"The Flower of the Saints!"—What a pity, that, in this age of abomination, more saints are not added to that book!

DONNA URRACA.

I know well who ought to find a place on the list.

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

Oh! pray now, say no more! My good actions on earth will be repaid me a hundred-fold in heaven.

DONNA URRACA.

Amen!

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

I must leave you, my daughter.—God be with you!

DONNA URRACA.

And with you too, father!

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

Oh! I forgot—I have a chaplet, blessed by our holy father the Pope—you must accept it.—Let me see—this is my cigar case—this my bottle of holy-water—this——

DONNA URRACA.

What's that?

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

It's Donna Bel—— I was going to mention her name;—a lady has given me this portrait to throw into the sea.

DONNA URRACA.

Into the sea?

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

Yes; remorse has seized her, and she renounces the person who presented her this portrait, only a few days since. Give it to me.

DONNA URRACA.

I should like to open the box.

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

I'll take care you don't.—*(He lets the box tumble as if by chance, and it breaks.)* Ha! broken!

DONNA URRACA *(picking up the portrait).*

Ah! Jesu Maria!

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

What's the matter, my child?

DONNA URRACA.

Perfidious! He has given her his portrait.

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

Return it to me, I beg!

DONNA URRACA *(keeping the portrait).*

No; permit me——Double villain! is it thus you deceive me?

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

What's all this?

DONNA URRACA.

Yet I confided in this traitor!

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

Can he be faithful to a woman who is recreant to his God?

DONNA URRACA.

To Donna Belisa!

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

I didn't say that.

DONNA URRACA.

Sacrifice me to Donna Belisa!

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

And is it for this perfidious man you compromise your eternal happiness?

DONNA URRACA.

Ah! that I had you this instant, Pablo! you should pay dear——

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

His only pleasure is in misleading virtuous women.

DONNA URRACA.

Pablo, traitor! when shall I be revenged?

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

There, you see how it is! and yet just now you defended him, with such warmth.

DONNA URRACA.

Ungrateful wretch! he is capable of any crime.

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

That's what made me suspect his being the author of the pamphlet.

DONNA URRACA.

Ah!

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

But since he is not the person——

DONNA URRACA (*aside*).

I can be revenged!

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

Were it he——

DONNA URRACA.

I shall expire!—Yes, father, it was he.

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

Don Pablo?

DONNA URRACA.

The perfidious Pablo!

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

Anger, my child, blinds your reason.—You told me just now——

DONNA URRACA.

I am ready to swear on the Evangelists, that Don Pablo is the author of that abominable book.

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

You know it?

DONNA URRACA.

I swear it.—He wishes to revolutionize Spain, assassinate the king, and force all the Spaniards to become Huguenots.

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

It's what they all desire——But, do you speak the truth?

DONNA URRACA.

I renounce my hopes in heaven, if it is not true, that Don Pablo, the traitor Don Pablo, is the author of that horrible production.

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

I believe you.—Adieu, my child; thank God for having shewn you the heinousness of crime—you are saved.—No longer confide in those military men, who quit you for the first comer—who——

DONNA URRACA.

Adieu, father.

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

The Lord, and the blessed Virgin protect you!

[*Exit.*

DONNA URRACA *(alone).*

Monster! desert me for Donna Belisa! Donna Belisa! The old fool!—eyes blood shot—skin black—prefer that lump of deformity to me! that tanned

gipsy!—Oh! Don Pablo, you'll repent having betrayed me!—What pleasure I shall have to see you pass to the auto-da-fé, a san-benito on your head!—Senseless! the thought makes me weep. No; I don't desire your death—only to see you in a dungeon—deep—damp.—Yet no, not that—Oh! that Donna Belisa was in my grasp! I would pierce her with a thousand stabs in his very presence!—Oh! the delights of contemplating your grief!—What rage, to see the beauteous object of your passion torn to pieces by these hands!—Ah! that would be revenge, sweeter than the flames of an auto-da-fé. What have I done? Perhaps, I am revenged too well.—I have betrayed his secret—and has not he betrayed love the most tender? Father Bartolomeo is connected with the Holy Office; his zeal is ardent—no doubt he'll denounce him.—He'll be put to the torture—burned! and I shall be the cause!—It will be said I planned his death, because I was no longer sufficiently beautiful to retain him in my chains.—Ah! Belisa, you alone are my enemy—you must suffer for him! Pablo, I do not wish your death.—No! I'll save you—you must escape from the country—quit Belisa, your love!—Ah! how wretched will he be—he'll see the difference between——But Belisa! I'll be revenged.—Lauretta, paper, ink: and let Pedro hold himself in readiness. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Prison of the Inquisition.

DON PABLO *alone, seated before a table.*

Shabby dogs! because we are in Lent they wish me to fast at my last dinner; and their stockfish is as hard as a thousand devils! [*Enter* DONNA URRACA.] Oh! heavens, Urraca in person—women and gold find an entrance every where. How goes it, my amiable friend? What god or devil restores you to my arms?

DONNA URRACA.

Don Pablo, it is said you are condemned to death.

DON PABLO.

In spite of Lent!

DONNA URRACA.

But you may yet save yourself.

DON PABLO.

By denouncing the friend who assisted me? Never!

DONNA URRACA.

No! if you will abandon the iniquity of your ways—do public penance, and enter a convent—On those conditions I can obtain your pardon.

DON PABLO.

Do public penance—enter a convent—what! only that!—My charming Infanta, I thank you; but I would rather be hanged than turn monk.

DONNA URRACA.

Impious to the last! You don't reflect on that hell which awaits you?

DON PABLO.

A truce with sermons—listen, my darling.—I shall be burned to-morrow; to-day is our own—let us take advantage of the occasion, and be happy once more!

DONNA URRACA.

Rather, pagan, would I put the torch to your pile!

DON PABLO.

Oh! oh! what a very pretty speech! Are you not mad, Urraca? or rather can't one enter these walls, without becoming as hard and malicious as an inquisitor?

DONNA URRACA.

Choose, Sir!—I repeat it, death or life on the conditions I have told you.

DON PABLO.

Sir!—better and better!—Heavens! what is come over you?

DONNA URRACA.

I know you have but a single day to live.—As your old friend—as one who was once your friend—I should rejoice at your repentance.

DON PABLO.

Surely, I must have become very ugly in prison, since you treat me in this way.

DONNA URRACA.

Dismiss, I conjure you, sir, these fancies of former times. Repent, I intreat you.

DON PABLO.

Why, what the devil, will you never finish? This talk wearies me. Urraca, if you are in a fit of devotion, I am in a rage of love; so have done with your penance, and your convent.

DONNA URRACA.

Don Pablo, I detest you! But repent, I conjure you.

DON PABLO.

You detest me?

DONNA URRACA.

Yes, traitor! but your perfidies, atrocious as they are, do not make me desire your death.

DON PABLO.

Traitor! perfidies!—Impious, if you like—but never in my life have I betrayed a human being.

DONNA URRACA.

No, never?

DON PABLO.

Never.—I suspect Don Augustin has sold me,

for he knew I was the author of the pamphlet. He became afraid, and hastened to denounce his accomplice, that the suspicion might not fall on himself. But for all that I will never betray his secret.

DONNA URRACA.

Oh yes! towards men you are honourable; but with women——

DON PABLO.

Since the time you first knew me, have I committed an infidelity?

DONNA URRACA.

No; not one!

DON PABLO.

Not one, on my honour!

DONNA URRACA.

Courage!

DON PABLO.

Why do you smile?

DONNA URRACA.

I smile, on thinking of the torments you are about to suffer in hell for your perjuries.

DON PABLO.

Strange jealousy!—I protest to you, on my honour——

DONNA URRACA.

Be silent, wretch! Regard this portrait—to whom did you give it?

DON PABLO.

Urraca, how long have we been acquainted?

DONNA URRACA.

Ah! the man of honour confounded!

DON PABLO.

Exactly two years. The first time I saw you, I had just passed from the university of Segovia, into the regiment of Carabiniers.—Do you remember my new regimentals, upon which you complimented me so much? Well, look at the portrait—what is the uniform?

DONNA URRACA.

Good God! that of Segovia!—Don Pablo!—*(Throws herself into his arms.)*

DON PABLO.

Ah! ah! the old witch Belisa, whom I quitted for you, must have played you a trick; she is spiteful, like all old women. It is more than three years since this portrait was painted.

DONNA URRACA.

Pardon me, love!—I am miserable. I deserve to die—kill me!

DON PABLO.

Nonsense! we are better friends than ever; we'll enjoy ourselves, as on the first moment of our love.

DONNA URRACA.

Unfortunate! If you knew who denounced you!—'Twas I!

DON PABLO.

You?

DONNA URRACA.

Yes, I!—Jealousy and rage have blinded me.

DON PABLO.

Your love for me I knew was very powerful, yet I couldn't believe it would have gone so far.—But rise and embrace me,

DONNA URRACA.

Can you pardon me?

DON PABLO.

I only think of your love.—By Heavens it was violent!

DONNA URRACA.

Pablo, I am tall; put on my clothes, and save yourself.

DON PABLO.

Softly! they would burn you in my stead.

DONNA URRACA.

Good God! what shall we do?

DON PABLO.

We must submit, my queen; and make the most of our time, by playing every possible folly.

DONNA URRACA.

Listen:—Father Bartolomeo, who introduced me

here, will arrive in an instant:—'tis he who tore your secret from me.

DON PABLO.

The devil he did! and by what means?

DONNA URRACA.

By shewing me that unfortunate portrait.—He'll be here soon; I have a poniard concealed in my garter—kill him, and take his robe.

DON PABLO.

What!

DONNA URRACA.

Next to me, that traitor is the cause of your death.

DON PABLO.

He exercises his profession of Inquisitor.

DONNA URRACA *(untying her garter)*.

Hold! take the poniard.

DON PABLO.

Oh what a pretty leg! let me kiss it.

DONNA URRACA.

Pshaw! mind the poniard!

DON PABLO.

No! no! Though Bartolomeo is a fool, yet I'll kill no man to save my own life.

DONNA URRACA.

Give me back the dagger.

DON PABLO.

Let me return it to its place!

DONNA URRACA.

Give it me.—Here comes Bartolomeo!

Enter BARTOLOMEO.

DON PABLO.

Well, reverend father, they say you are absolutely determined on giving me suffocation?

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

I regret it much—but——

DON PABLO.

Oh! you are really too polite! But are there no means of arranging the affair amicably?

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

Donna Urraca must have told you.

DONNA URRACA.

Father, exhort him yourself, with your accustomed eloquence—sit down.—*(To the Gaoler, who is at the door)*—Leave your lantern at the door; the reverend father will be going immediately.

FATHER BARTOLOMEO.

Dearly beloved brother, did you reflect on the torments awaiting you in the other world, you would not hesitate to thank the holy tribunal for the indulgence it is inclined to shew you. It offers you a retreat in a convent; you will there work out your salvation. On the other hand, if you persist——

DONNA URRACA *(striking him with the poniard)*.

'Tis there they strike the bull.(1) [*He dies.*

DON PABLO.

Good God!

DONNA URRACA.

Tear off his robe before the blood stains it!—Take his hat—the lantern—follow me!—Tell me, am I marked with blood?—you don't answer!—Come, Pablo! we'll quit the country, and find happiness elsewhere.

DON PABLO.

Thus finishes the comedy.—Excuse the faults of the author.

NOTE.

(1) Alluding to the spectacle of the Bull-Fight. The address consists in piercing the bull in the right shoulder, so that the point of the sword shall penetrate the spinal marrow. In that case, the bull is killed instantly, and there is hardly any mark of blood on the sword-blade.

FINIS.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY COX AND BAYLIS, GREAT QUEEN STREET.

00109767

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 02 January, 2016